SCREENLAND

MARCH, 1926 PRICE, 25 CENTS



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AUG 1926

DOROTHY MACKAILL, *Colorgraph by Paul Hesse*

FREE *Dorothy Mackaill's* WATCH Page 34

NORMA SHEARER

WITH LEW CODY



Norma Shearer
as
Ruth Lawrence
the typist

HIS SECRETARY

If you are a Norma Shearer fan—
And who isn't?
You have a new thrill coming to you
When you see "His Secretary."
For, with their usual discrimination.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Chose a story that gave Norma
Real opportunity to display her genius
And she did!
From start to finish
Her superb acting in this picture establishes her
As a star of planetary proportions.
You must see her!
And then there's Lew Cody
And Willard Louis,
HOBART Henley's super direction
And a whale of a story by Carey Wilson.
In short
It's a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
In every respect—
And you know what *that* means!



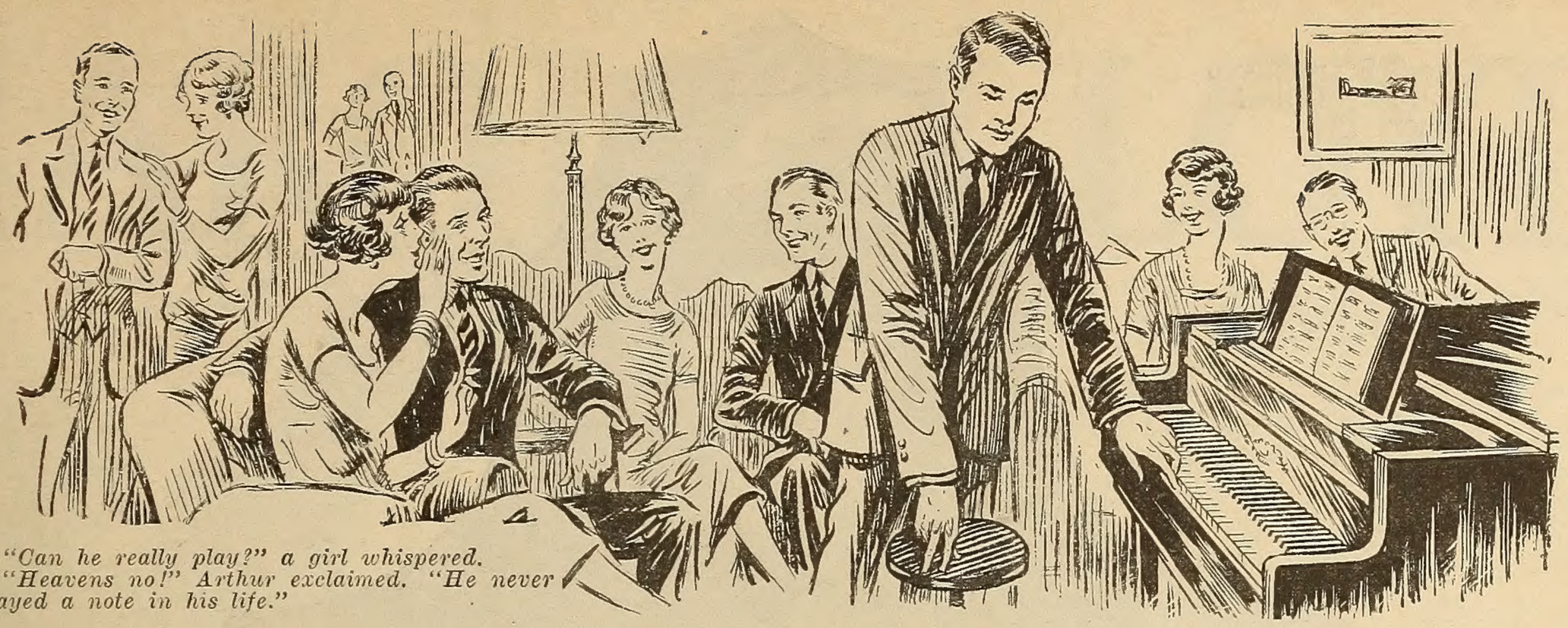
The boss
(Lew Cody)
neglects business



First aid
to the injured

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More Stars Than There Are In Heaven"



"Can he really play?" a girl whispered. "Heavens no!" Arthur exclaimed. "He never played a note in his life."

They Laughed When I Sat Down At the Piano But When I Started to Play!—

ARTHUR had just played "The Rosary." The room rang with applause. I decided that this would be a dramatic moment for me to make my debut. To the amazement of all my friends, I strode confidently over to the piano and sat down.

"Jack is up to his old tricks," somebody chuckled. The crowd laughed. They were all certain that I couldn't play a single note.

"Can he really play?" I heard a girl whisper to Arthur.

"Heavens, no!" Arthur exclaimed. "He never played a note in all his life. . . But just you watch him. This is going to be good."

I decided to make the most of the situation. With mock dignity I drew out a silk handkerchief and lightly dusted off the piano keys. Then I rose and gave the revolving piano stool a quarter of a turn, just as I had seen an imitator of Paderewski do in a vaudeville sketch.

"What do you think of his execution?" called a voice from the rear.

"We're in favor of it!" came back the answer and the crowd rocked with laughter.

Then I Started to Play

Instantly a tense silence fell on the guests. The laughter died on their lips as if by magic. I played through the first few bars of Beethoven's immortal Moonlight Sonata. I heard gasps of amazement. My friends sat breathless—spellbound!

I played on and as I played I forgot the people around me. I forgot the hour, the place, the breathless listeners. The little world I lived in seemed to fade—seemed to grow dim—unreal. Only the music was real. Only the music and visions it brought me. Visions as beautiful and as changing as the wind blown clouds and drifting moonlight that long ago inspired the master composer. It seemed as if the master musician himself were speaking to me—speaking through the medium of music—not in words but in chords. Not in sentences but in exquisite melodies!

A Complete Triumph!

As the last notes of the Moonlight Sonata died away, the room resounded with a sudden roar of applause. I found myself surrounded by excited faces. Everybody was exclaiming with delight—plying me with rapid questions. . . . "Jack! Why didn't you tell us you could play like that?" . . . "Where *did* you learn?"—"Who *was* your teacher?"

"I have never even *seen* my teacher," I replied. "And just a short while ago I couldn't play a note."

"Quit your kidding," laughed Arthur, himself an accomplished pianist. "You've been studying for years. I can tell."

"I have been studying only a short while," I insisted. "I decided to keep it a secret so that I could surprise all you folks."

How I Learned to Play Without a Teacher

And then I told them the whole story.

"A few months ago I saw an interesting ad for the U. S. School of Music—a new method of learning to play which only costs a few cents a day! The ad told how a woman had mastered the piano in her spare time at home—and *without a teacher!* Best of all, the wonderful new method she used, required no laborious scales—no heartless exercises—no tiresome practising. It sounded so convincing that I filled out the coupon requesting the Free Demonstration Lesson.

"The free book arrived promptly and I started in that very night to study the Demonstration Lesson. I was amazed to see how easy it was to play this new way. Then I sent for the course.

"When the course arrived I found it was just as the ad said—as easy as A, B, C! And, as the lessons continued they got easier and easier. Before I knew it I was playing all the pieces I liked best. Nothing stopped me. I could play ballads or classical numbers or jazz, all with equal ease. And I never did have any special talent for music!"

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Name.....
(Please write plainly)

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City..... State.....

April SCREENLAND will be published March 12th.



¶ *Dorothy Mackaill, the girl on the cover, is just finishing* "The Dancer of Paris" — *a Robert Kane production from the Michael Arlen story.*

SCREENLAND

March, 1926 *"The Spirit of the Movies"* VOL. XII, No. 5

Eliot Keen, *Editor*

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at Leading Theatres Soon

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Celebrity Pictures, Inc.
Presented by
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Oscar A. Price, Pres.

Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford took a day off to see Fred Niblo shoot the chariot races for "Ben-Hur."



Ask Me

An Answer Page of Information.
Address: Miss VEE DEE,
SCREENLAND, 236 W. 55th St.
New York City.

Carrie Conchett. You start the month's matrimonial questionnaire. While Marion Davies isn't married at all, as far as I know, Corinne Griffith has been married twice — first husband, Webster Campbell; second, Walter Morosco. Address Miss Davies care of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Harrison Fisk. Oh, never say die, Harrison; you may win the contest yet. Anyway, try Sears Roebuck of Chicago, if you want a stockwhip. They seem to sell everything (not an advt.)

Clara Novack, Grand Rapids. Ricardo Cortez is still under the Famous Players-Lasky banner, so write him care of the studios, Vine Street, Hollywood.

Peggy S. Wallace Beery in "*The Pony Express.*" No, Ricardo Cortez ain't done it yet, but understand his marriage to Alma Rubens will take place in early spring. Spring is such a romantic time for a wedding, yes? Pola Negri, who is with Famous Players-Lasky on the coast, has brown eyes, and is about twenty-eight. Thought everyone knew Pola is — or is it *was* — Polish, and everyone simply ought to know that Jackie Coogan isn't twenty. He's ten, that's all. As for Valentino and the fair Natacha, even if they aren't going to divorce one another, they've got more publicity out of the rumour than they did for their marriage.

My Girl Friend. Thanks for Christmas card. It's rather late to wish you a happy New Year — but here goes!

Astri — Norway. Your extremely pretty card with its good wishes was much appreciated. Write me as often as you like.

Movie-Mad Audrey. Norma Shearer, who hails from Montreal and was born 1904, has been in pictures a little over five years. Ronald Colman is an Englishman and was born February, 1899. Mr. Colman is married to Thelma Ray, an English actress, a gorgeous titian, if she's the same girl I remember on the other side. Address Norma Shearer, Conrad Nagel, Mae Murray and Jack Holt at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, Culver City, California, and you'll find the other addresses elsewhere on this page. Your questions on matters of love are rather out of my line. The trouble with adoring a man on the screen is that you have half a million rivals.

Poppy A. P. (New Orleans). Whoever runs the tape-measure over the stars and examines their birth certificates reports that Priscilla Dean is 5.4 and weighs 125; Betty Bronson, 5 feet, weight 100, age 19; Lois Moran, five feet two, weighs about 105, age 16 and mighty proud of her Irish descent; Mary Brian, 5.4, age 17; Mary Ballin, who is in her early thirties, is 5.3 tall and scales 122. Viola Dana has been married twice, her present husband being "Lefty" Flynn. Shirley Mason was married once. Her husband died about two years ago. Neither Viola or Shirley have any children. Don't know whether Gladys Hulette is married or not. I know you'll be glad to learn that Barbara LaMarr is well on the road to a complete recovery. We're all looking forward to seeing the delightful Bobbie in pictures in the early future.

Lornea Whitson. You'd better not let Jackie Coogan's dad hear you saying his sturdy little son and heir is a girl. What St. Louis paper said that? So you know "over half of all the movie stars." That's my idea of a liberal education. Sorry I don't send out photographs, you'll have to ask Jackie yourself.

Gordon Johnson. Thanks for Greetings. Lack of space and time prevent me from supplying casts. Write to the various producing companies, and they'll probably send you casts of pictures you mention.

William Monroe. Don't know where you can obtain for fifteen cents pictures of the stars you mention. Cut rates are new to me. If you send along twenty-five cents to cover postage, probably the players, in the kindness of their hearts, will send their pictures to you.

Beatrice McVicker. Address Barbara La-Marr care of Sawyer-Lubin, 383 Madison Ave., New York. Barbara is at present recuperating, but letters are forwarded to her.

Kathleen Bone. Regret space does not permit of my giving you more of Bebe Daniels' complete life history than these few details: Born Dallas, Texas, 1901. Educated Los Angeles. Played on stage as a child. Commenced screen career with Selig. She is 5.5, weighs 120, and has auburn hair and brown eyes.

Katherine Gingo. Can't send you my photograph — haven't got one! I'm camera-shy.

Olga M. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., isn't engaged or married. Mary Brian is with Famous Players-Lasky, Astoria, Long Island, New York.

Joe D. Pierro. Just get SCREENLAND each month and you'll find all the latest news and pictures of the stars.

Tilford; Stanley G.; Dick Moore; W. W.; and all those other kind souls. Thanks very much for good wishes and greeting cards. I reciprocate every wish in full!

Richard S. Ricardo Cortez was born in Alsace-Lorraine, September, 1899, and his present picture is "*Martinique.*" Alma Rubens admits to twenty-eight summers, not to mention springs! No, Patsy Ruth Miller hasn't bestowed her dainty digits on any one yet. Norman Kerry was born in New York City, so that makes him an American, doesn't it?

Berthe Dugal. Only wish my French were as good as your English, my dear! Your letter was most interesting and I shall look forward to receiving more from Montreal. Belle Bennett and Constance Bennett are two very different people, although both are blondes. Belle is about 38 and Constance is just twenty. Paramount School is situated at Astoria, Long Island. Huntly Gordon was Norma Shearer's leading man in "*Pleasure Mad.*" Ruth and Kathleen Clifford are sisters. Enclose stamped addressed envelope if you want replies direct.

Maurice E. Neel of R. F. D. 3, Forrest City, Arkansas, is organizing a Carol Dempster Club and anyone who wishes to join can do so by getting in direct touch with Morry!

Z. G. (St. Louis). Write to Gloria Swanson at her own office, 522 Fifth Ave., New York City.

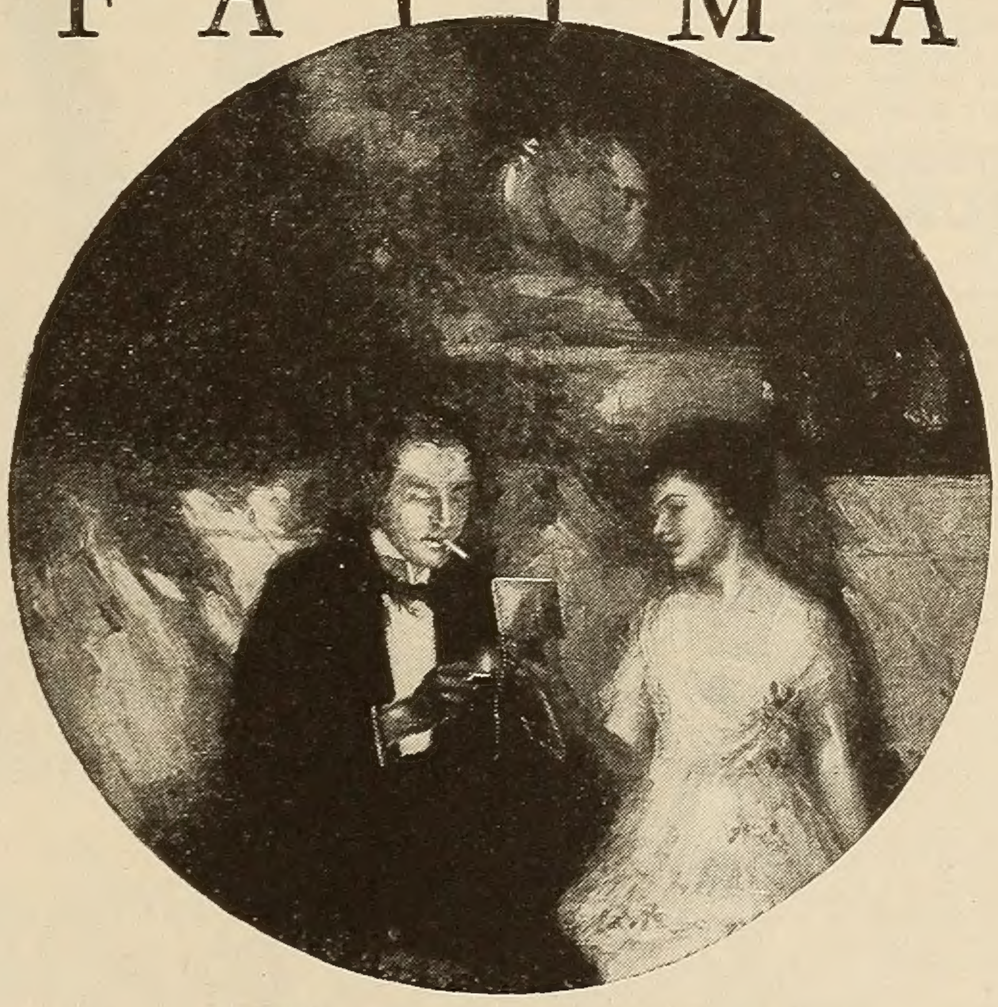
M. W. I know whom I consider the most popular man in pictures — but I'm not telling! And as for the handsomest man — yes, I have him all picked out, too.

Mamie F. Mildred Harris McGovern is actually a brunette — she was a blonde for picture purposes, for many years; now she's gone back to the coloring nature intended.

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What Mysterious Motives Inspired Her Awful Deeds

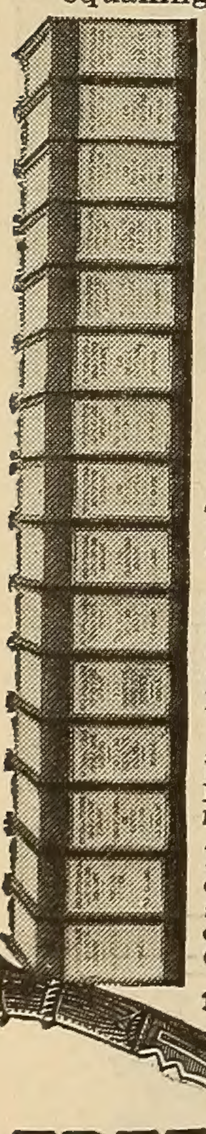
A SHARP click and Cleek was on her like a leaping cat! "Caught you," he snarled. Astounded we stared at this gentle-looking girl. Could that soft hand of hers have sent five men to horrible deaths! Was this really the nameless monster who held whole cities in terror? What was her true identity?

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Screen News from BROADWAY

¶ Baby Mary Louise Miller supports Rin-Tin-Tin in "The Night Cry" and feels perfectly at home with the star of the lot.

LA MARQUIS DE LA FALAISE refuses any longer to be designated as merely Gloria's husband. He has gone to work. His name adorns the frosted glass door of an office in New York, where he acts as agent for modern French writers and also as a play-broker. While Gloria rushes through her work in *Tamed*, out at the Astoria studio, Hank toils in mid-town Manhattan at a desk whose sole ornament is a lovely portrait of Mrs. Hank. They're happy? Gosh, yes.

—o—

CONNIE BENNETT has left New York flat for Florida—so have a lot of other people, but there's only one Miss Bennett. Rather, there was. Since becoming the wife of the wealthy young Phil Plant, Richard's lovely daughter has forsaken the screen. Her husband built his bride a magnificent estate at Boca Raton, whither the honeymooners have repaired to escape the rigors of New York winter. But those who know the Plants wager that at the first blush of spring they'll be back.

—o—

YOU'LL be glad to hear that several of your favorite stars are "coming back." Theda Bara, as you've heard, is even now making a two-reel comedy for Hal Roach, in which it is said Theda plays a serious rôle surrounded by comics. Seena Owen is to return to the screen in a film called *Shipwrecked*. Pauline Frederick, after a triumphant tour of Australia, has signed a new contract to make four pictures in a New York studio. Watch for them.

—o—

THE opening of *Ben-Hur* was the most brilliant premier seen on Broadway this season. The theatre practically glittered with fame, and the fans who paid the first-night admission price were well repaid. Such theatrical magnates as Flo Ziegfeld and Charles Dillingham were present—each has a slice of the show; and such screen magnates as Marcus Loew, Adolph Zukor and Jesse Lasky. Mrs. Lasky was one of the most charming ladies present—besides being a movie millionaire's better half and the mother of a family, she is an artist of distinction and recently held an exhibition of her work. Other noted wives were Billie Burke and Lila Lee. David Belasco, Alla Nazimova, Aileen Pringle, and Lois Moran were there. Mrs. Gladys Moran, by the way, was in a box while her daughter sat downstairs with a devoted young swain. At intermission Lois came to see her mother and the eyes of all the audience were focused on the slender little figure in white with her quaint coiffure and little-girl manners. Francis X. Bushman, the Messala of *Ben-Hur*, occupied a box with a party of friends, and many were the murmurs: "He hasn't changed a bit." Alice Joyce, her husband, James Regan, and her brother Frank had a box, Alice in a quiet gown and chinchilla wrap.

—o—

POLA NEGRI and Bebe Daniels got nice, brand-new contracts for Christmas, with Paramount playing Santa Claus. Pola's is for five thousand a week; she is reported to have held out for ten, but finally agreed to knock off a measly five thousand. Bebe, you may be glad to learn, will play mostly light comedy rôles in the future.

—o—

DEAR, DEAR — Mrs. Adolphe Menjou is said to be separating from Adolphe; while we hear that Mrs. Joseph Schildkraut desires to resume her maiden name of Elise Bartlett. What *are* we coming to?

—o—

GEORGE HACKATHORNE has returned from Germany, where he presumably played brow-beaten boys for a foreign company, in time to take a leading rôle in *A Girl's Diary*, one of those tales of girls who play and pay. George liked Europe but America more.

—o—

DESPITE the gentle razz from critics for his authorial treatment of one of our leading stars, brave Joseph Hergesheimer has shaken the sand of Palm Beach from his feet and gone west to write more screen stories, this time for the equally brave Sam Goldwyn.

ROBERT KANE has purchased "*The Wilderness Woman,*" by Arthur Stringer, which ran as a serial in The Saturday Evening Post.

"*The Wilderness Woman*" was greatly sought after by leading producers. By the author of "*Manhandled*" and "*Womanhandled,*" it reveals the story of a young woman from the North Woods, utterly unacquainted with the world of civilization. The drama arises from her contact with modern society, following an almost unbelievable rise to affluence.

Judges of stories pictorial claim that "*The Wilderness Woman*" will make as great entertainment as did "*Mahndled.*" Kane will put the story in production at an early date at the Cosmopolitan studio. It will be a First National release.

—o—

ROBERT FLAHERTY was the guest of honor at the weekly luncheon of the A. M. P. A. last Thursday. In his talk he told part of the troubles he encountered in making "*Moana of the South Seas*" during his two years' residence in a native village in Samoa. He spent eight months among the natives getting acquainted with their ways of living before turning a camera crank, and during the following year he shot 230,000 feet of film, developed and cut it, using laboratory equipment which he had brought from Hollywood. This was done in the face of tremendous difficulties, one of which was the total absence of cold water. "*Moana*" will be shown at the Rivoli early in February.

—o—

BENJAMIN CHRISTIANSON'S first picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will be released as "*The Devil's Circus.*" Originally called "*The Light Eternal,*" it later became "*Devilkin*" in the process of evolution, until the present happy choice of name was made. Norma Shearer plays the leading rôle.

—o—

E. A. DUPONT, noted European director, arrived the other day on the Leviathan *en route* to Universal City, Cal., where he will begin work under the contract signed with Carl Laemmle when the latter saw the pre-view of "*Variety,*" which Dupont made for UFA.

His contract with Universal is for three years. It is not yet decided what his first picture will be, though it is quite likely it will be an original, as Dupont has written many.

He is only 33 years old. At the age of 17 he was editor of the Berlin Daily Times, one of the leading newspapers in Europe, and is noted as the first editor on the Continent to recognize the value of motion pictures. Long before other papers would take the industry seriously, he established a motion picture department in the *Times* and reviewed more pictures just as he did stage plays.

—o—

J. BOYCE SMITH, general manager of Inspiration, left for Hollywood recently in company with Sidney Olcott, director; Lillie Hayward, scenario writer; Caryl S. Fleming, assistant director; David W. Gobbet, cameraman; Dan Venturini, art director; Kitty Bartels, cutter, and several other specialists, all of whom will concern themselves with the production of Richard Barthelmess's "*Ranson's Folly.*" Barthelmess, who is recovering from a slight illness, will follow shortly.

—o—

CHARLOTTE WALKER is playing an important rôle in First National's "*The Savage,*" which features Ben Lyon and May McAvoy.

FLORA LE BRETON may return to the screen. She is "out" of a stage play because she and her fiance decided that the lines she had to say were just a wee bit naughty, you know. Equity did not uphold the fair Flora's idea of naughtiness. No, I don't know his name, but he is tall and English-looking, if you follow.

—o—

ANYONE who thinks movie actors spring straight from the circus or stock company should have overheard Niles Welch discoursing with an old college professor. As a matter of fact, the professor was not so old, but he instructed Niles in English Literature in college. Welch liked the higher learning so well he went on the stage.

—o—

DICKY BARTHELMESS went to Florida between pictures and was seen frequently with the former Millicent Rogers, heiress, who married the Count Salm. The Countess, with her small son, was sojourning at Palm Beach with detectives guarding the heir from possible parental interference. A group of her friends serenaded her one evening with the well-known lullaby, "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby," and our Dick was among them. Incidentally, he will be seen as a cow-gentleman of the west in his next picture, to be directed by Sidney Olcott.

—o—

THE company for which John Robertson and Mrs. Robertson (Josephine Lovett) were to direct and adapt Ibanez' *Queen Calafia* didn't jell; and the popular team are back in New York. Dorothy Gish will probably be guided through her next picture by director John, if she can be persuaded not to desert back to England again. Dorothy's husband, by the way, is to star in a stage version of *The Great Gatsby*, by the eminent young Scott Fitzgerald, who almost became a screen writer for Dorothy when she had her own comedy company. It's all in the family.

—o—

LOWELL SHERMAN walked out and Bob Cain walked right in. The story goes that Lowell got temperament in the making of *The Dancer from Paris*, the Mike Arlen yarn in which Doorthy Mackaill will star. Mr. Sherman will conduct his professional villainies elsewhere.



Gloria Swanson as St. Clair Van Tassell in a perfect tantrum for her part as "The Untamed Lady."



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(*New York World—Oct. 28, 1924*)

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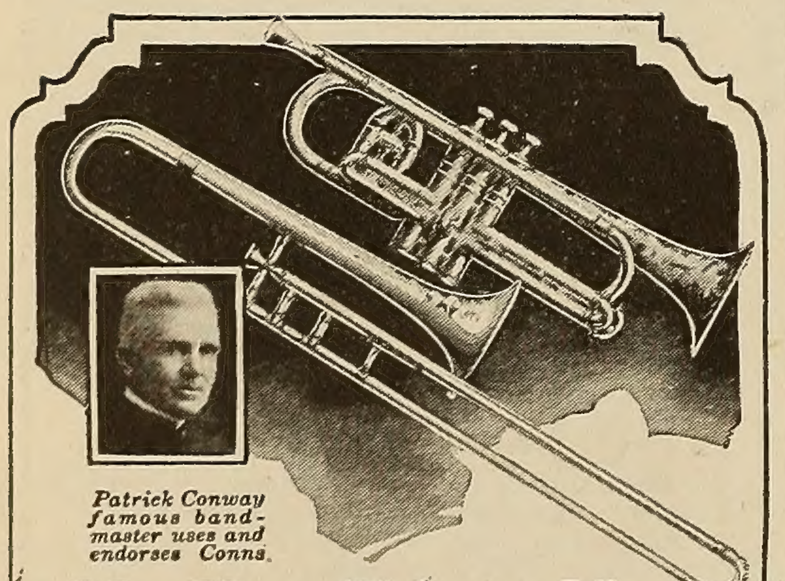
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Books *for Fans*

WILLIAM J. LOCKE'S *Stella Maris*

An appreciation of a great part—*By* Mary Philbin

THERE'S a favor I'm going to ask of every person going to see me in the new Universal-Jewel production, *'Stella Maris'*," said Mary Philbin. "Please, *please* read Locke's novel before you view the picture. If you've already read it, read it again — it's time well spent. If you haven't read it, do so; you'll enjoy every moment of it.

"I want my friends to read the story before seeing the picture, for two reasons. It will show them the difficult task set for the adapters and producers — an almost impossible feat, which they accomplished splendidly; Charles Brabin has retained all the beauty, charm and thrill of the Locke novel in a most amazing fashion. My readers will agree with me, after comparing the original with its screen version, that *'Stella Maris'* on the screen is probably the most perfect adaptation ever made.

"The other reason is, I want to convince my friends I did not select *'Stella Maris'* simply as a 'stunt rôle.' Any actress familiar with the use of grease paint can alter her appearance; making oneself unattractive is as easy an enhancing one's beauty. But to instil a beautiful soul into a poor, miserable creature . . . that is worth every effort.

"Read *'Stella Maris'*. Then ask yourself how you would create Unity Blake on the screen. She is an innocent, unsophisticated child — how would *you* have her react to the great disillusionment that befalls her? She is a miserable little slavey — how would *you* have her register emotions she has never before felt? To her, the world is a fairyland of glamourous beauty, of beckoning romance — how would *you* depict her response to the call of love? What emotions — and by what expressions and gestures — would you portray her realization that John Risca, the Prince Charming of her dreams, is married, and wed to the demented creature who has made Unity's existence an agony of torment?

"There really is another reason why I want you to read *'Stella Maris'*; but it's rather a vain one. I wish to find out if the public approves my taste in screen fare, to determine whether or not I was right in thinking *'Stella Maris'* one of the most wonderful stories ever written, especially from the standpoint of picture possibilities. Nothing would please me more than to receive a letter from you — my address is Universal City, California — giving your frank opinion.

"This sounds exactly like a radio announcer's request for 'applause cards'; but it's nothing of the sort. Mr. Carl Laemmle owes much of his present success as president of Universal to his practice of feeling the public's pulse through the medium of nationwide correspondence. I'm merely taking a leaf from Mr. Laemmle's book, and trying to learn what sort of entertainment the picture-goers most enjoy. On that alone rests a player's hope of continued popularity.

"That Mr. Locke will like the picture, I am certain. If all authors had such splendid adaptations made of their works, there would be no complaints about their novels

(Continued on page 106)



They Called Me a "Human Clam"

But I Changed Almost Overnight

AS I passed the President's office I could not help hearing my name. Instinctively I paused to listen. "That human clam," he was saying, "can't represent us. He's a hard worker, but he seems to have no ability to express himself. I had hoped to make him a branch manager this fall, but he seems to withdraw farther and farther into his shell all the time. I've given up hopes of making anything out of him."

So that was it! That was the reason why I had been passed over time and again when promotions were being made! That was why I was just a plodder — a truck horse for our firm, capable of doing a lot of heavy work, but of no use where brilliant performance was required. I was a failure unless I could do what seemed impossible —learn to use words forcefully, effectively and convincingly.

In 15 Minutes a Day

And then suddenly I discovered a new easy method which made me a powerful speaker almost overnight. I learned how to bend others to my will, how to dominate one man or an audience of thousands. Soon I had won salary increases, promotion, popularity, power. Today I always have a ready flow of speech at my command. I am able to rise to any occasion, to meet any emergency with just the right words. And I accomplished all this by developing the natural power of speech possessed by everyone, but cultivated by so few—by simply spending 15 minutes a day in the privacy of my own home, on this most fascinating subject.

* * *

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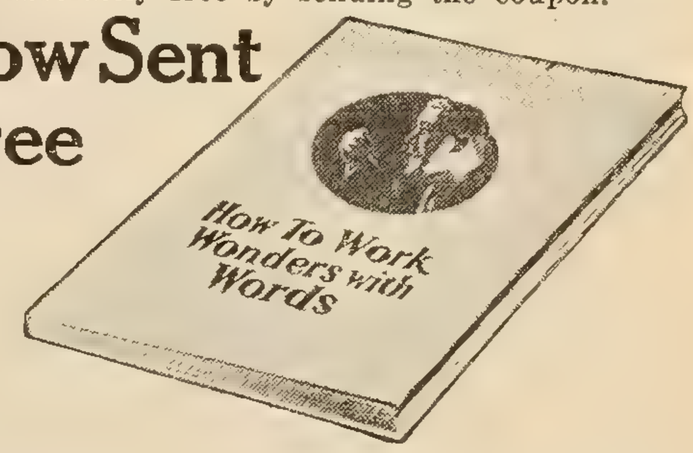
What 15 Minutes A Day Will Show You

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How to propose and respond to toasts
How to make a political speech
How to tell entertaining stories
How to make after-dinner speeches
How to converse interestingly
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¶ The heroine of the picture studies the heroine of the book.

"Never the Twain Shall Meet" GAVE ME A LOVELY RÔLE

By *Anita Stewart*

I HAVE always been an inveterate reader. Actually I have no idea how many hours during the past several years I have improved my mind through the reading of good books, in time which might otherwise have been simply wasted in waiting on studio stages between scenes. Necessarily much time elapses between the actual photographing of the various scenes in a motion picture — particularly if a certain player is not called upon to appear in all of them — and it is here that my appetite for good literature may be indulged to the fullest extent.

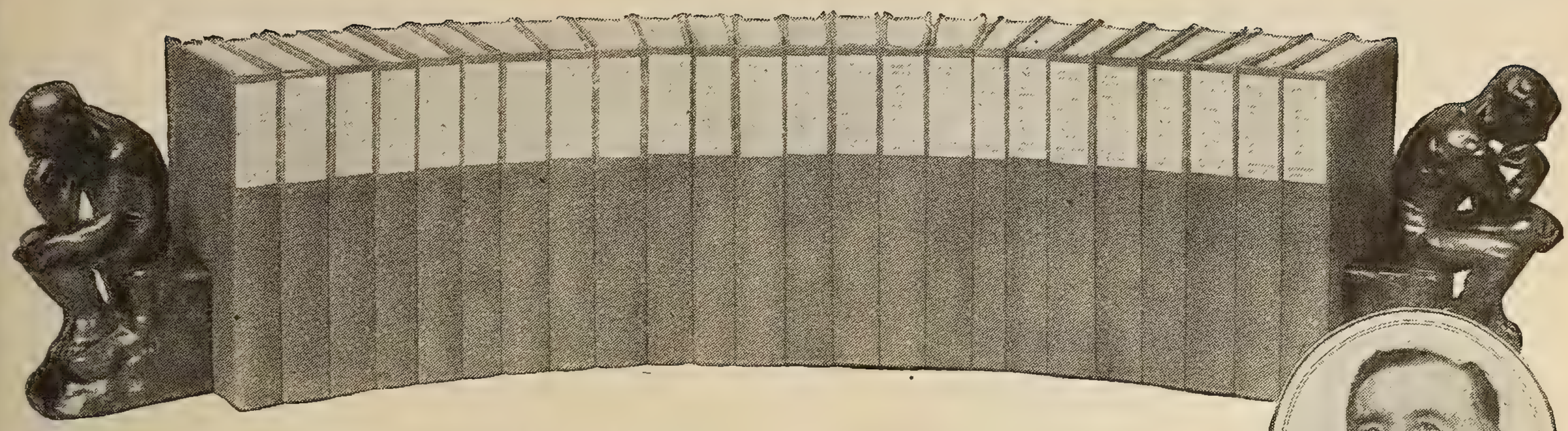
The fact that I had read Peter B. Kyne's wonderfully interesting story, *"Never the Twain Shall Meet"*, and was familiar with all its characters and incidents, vastly increased my enjoyment when I finally had an opportunity of working in the motion picture adaptation of the story. I felt a sense of familiarity with the various characters, and really "lived" the part to an extent that would hardly have been possible had I not already formed a conception of the leading character's inner feelings and mental attitude.

"The Prince of Pilsen", the A. H. Sebastian Production in which I am now at work, was not made from a book; but I have seen the musical comedy four times, without ever having had an idea that I might some day portray the part of Nellie Wagner. However, so much has been added to the original play that it seems to me the usual process might be reversed in this case, and a story written from the motion picture.

George Sidney, Myrtle Stedman and Allan Forrest are working with me in this picture, and we are having a wonderful time.

Write to the Book Editor of SCREENLAND, 236 W. 55th St., New York, N. Y.

¶ In answer to numerous requests which we receive from readers, we are pleased to advise that it is possible for every one to read the book before seeing the picture. This adds so much pleasure to a trip to the movies that SCREENLAND *will be glad to put any one who desires to secure books which have been filmed in touch with a circulating library which makes a specialty of supplying such books to the reading public.*



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The story of Conrad is one of the most amazing in the annals of literature. He did not speak English until past twenty. He had never written a line before he was forty. Yet, the world's most famous authors ultimately paid homage to him as the greatest of them all; his original manuscripts, at an auction before his death, sold for $110,998 (probably no such tribute had ever been paid to an author while he was still alive); above all, thousands of intelligent people all over the world counted every story from him as an event.

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The secret of Conrad's fascination lies, above all, in the exciting narratives he had to tell. No one could ever tell a story like Conrad, and no one has ever had such tales to tell. He himself had met these men he wrote about—the riffraff of the world thrown up in the mysterious East—outcasts, adventurers, sailors, rough traders, thieves, murderers.

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—Joseph Hergesheimer

There is no one like him; there is no one remotely like him.
—H. L. Mencken

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Those Wise Men of the East had grasped, thousands of years ago, the fundamental fact — so hard for our Western minds to realize — that deep down within ourselves, far under our outer layers of consciousness, is a Power that far transcends the power of any conscious mind.

"The Father that is within us," deeply religious people term it. And, truly, its power is little short of Divine.

"Our second subliminal mind," so the Scientists call it.

Call it what you will, it is there—all unknown to most of us—a sleeping Giant who, aroused, can carry us on to fame and fortune. A Genie-of-the-brain more powerful, more the servant of our every right wish, than was ever Aladdin's fabled Genie-of-the-Lamp of old.

Health and happiness, power and riches, lie ready to its hand. You have but to wake It, to command It, to get of It what you will.

Succeeding With What You Have

You remember the story of the poor Boer farmer who struggled for years to glean a livelihood out of his rocky soil, only to give it up in despair and go off to seek his fortune elsewhere. Years later, coming back to his old farm, he found it swarming with machinery and life—more wealth being dug out of it every day than he had ever dreamed existed. It was the great Kimberley Diamond Mine!

Most of us are like that poor Boer farmer. We struggle along under our surface power, never dreaming of the giant power that could be ours if we would but dig a little deeper—rouse that great Inner Self who can give us more even than any acre of diamonds.

Laugh at the man who tells you that Laurels and Lucre are LUCK. That's the sob of the seat-warmer, the howl of the has-been, the cry of the craw-fish.

Listen! There really IS a well defined SECRET OF SUCCESS, whereby OTHER men rose higher—and YOU can!

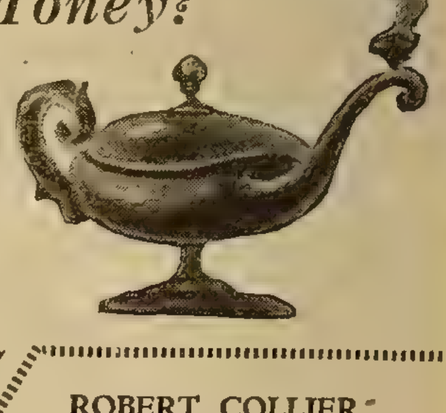
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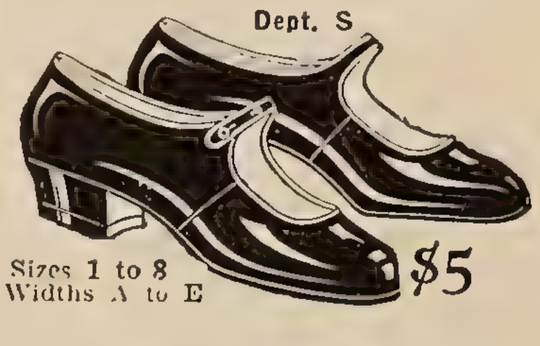
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Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Photography by Ruth Harriet Louise

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RENEE ADOREE
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise



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Famous Players-Lasky



LOUISE BROOKS

Famous Players-Lasky

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe



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Si Chic . . . Si Charmante . . . this Smart Oval Vanity initialed with one's individual monogram! It conceals every *necessite' de beaute'*, every convenience Madame requires—even to her cigarettes!

The rich leather-effect case is embellished with plated bands of white or green gold. Fitted compartments for full mirror, rouge, powder, keys, coin, cigarettes and comb. Any jeweler can inscribe your initials. At Department Stores, Jeweler's and better class Drug Stores—Price $7.50.

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LILLIAN GISH
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise



Famous Beauties

Know This Secret

For 133 years one of the precious beauty secrets known to womankind has been the use of

No. 4711 Eau de Cologne

The perfect base for the perfect make-up. Its mild astringent action is essential as a protection for the skin before cosmetics are applied. Invigorating, yet soothing, with a dainty fragrance all its own.

No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap—Depended upon since 1860 as a "first aid toward a beautiful skin." Keeps the skin satin-soft.

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MAE MURRAY
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Photograph by Henry W[illegible]an



"Where care lodges, sleep will never lie."
— SHAKESPEARE.

Rin-Tin-Tin

in

"The Night Cry"

The Most Beautiful "Still" of the Month.

SCREENLAND

HONOR PAGE

March
1926



¶ *Fred Niblo during the driven days in Italy.*

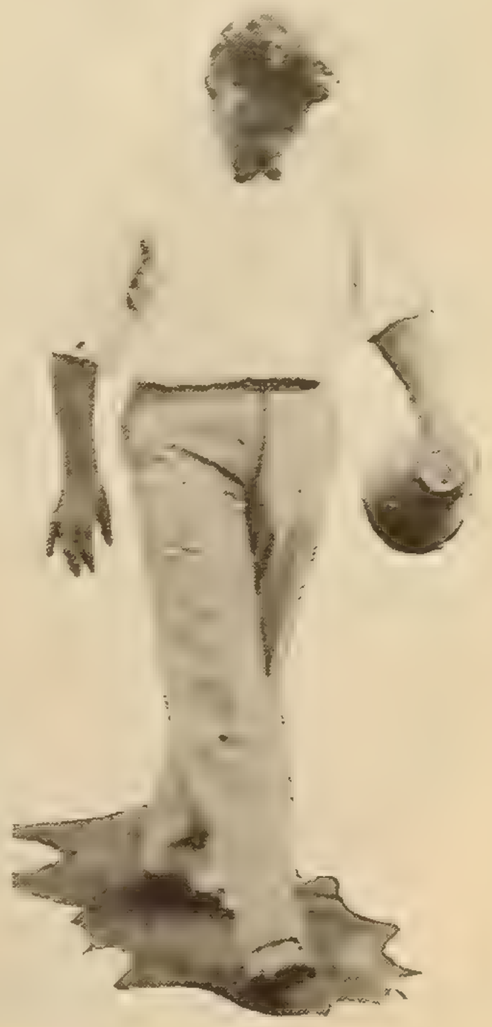
HAIL NIBLO, *Maestro!*

THE mighty film production of *Ben-Hur* dominates the world of motion pictures today. It brings Fred Niblo to the very peak of glory — a giant among directors.

Why?

Through his ability to make the life of his picture seem to be really life. It is as if this man equipped with a news camera had gone back through the centuries and then, as a good news cameraman will, "shot" daily scenes of those times and places, recording the wars and miracles, the glories and the horrors with only honest news value in mind. In other words, here at last is an entire film which is living Reality, and this, too, in spite of the fact that this is a picture of such unreal truths as the ineffableness of the Madonna and the stirring vision of the Star of Bethlehem.

The Editor.



¶ *A snap-shot of the director, megaphone and all, and not the least is his evident burden of responsibility.*

¶ *The sea fight between the pirates and the Roman galleons. One ship rams the other, and both burn.*



¶ *The chariot of Ben-Hur has the white horses. The spill here shown, which nearly caused Ben-Hur disaster, was unpremeditated.*

BEN · HUR

¶ *There has never been as noble an effort made in the screen world as this filming of* "Ben-Hur" *nor has there ever been as glorious a success. It is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production.*



¶ *Ramon Novarro as "Ben-Hur."*



¶ *Betty Bronson's portrayal of the Madonna has great spiritual beauty.*



¶ *Francis X. Bushman as "Messala."*

¶ *Forty-two cameras were used in filming the enormous amphitheatre and the race. The film shows superiority over the stage in this thrilling spectacle.*

¶ *John Barrymore as Ahab at the wheel of the whaling ship.*

¶ *Esther (Dolores Costello) gives her promise to the young whaler.*

The Sea Beast—

"THE SEA BEAST" is from the famous Melville story of Moby Dick, the white whale. But it is more than a whaling story or a great scenic production. The glorious scenes between John Barrymore and Dolores Costello make it one of the most beautiful love stories ever told on the screen.

¶ *Preparing titles for a screenplay is an art in itself. A title speeds action, introduces sentiment, explains plot intricacies and often brings poetry and humor. . . . Title writing has raised some writers to fame and is said to pay a salary equal to that of many stars. "Came dawn" to the title writers, and now the most lucid and perfect English with the greatest economy of words is found on the screen. Try to change, shorten or improve the following title.*

The BEST Title *of the* Month



¶ *Esther Ralston and Richard Dix in* "Womanhandled" *— Esther indicates her approval by gentle pats.*

My dear, all men are womanhandled--- from the time they are little babies until they are old, gray-haired idiots, they are petted, pampered and spoiled by women.



¶ *Richard Dix as the popular bachelor is gushed over and vamped by his gallery of girls — so Esther calls him "womanhandled."*

THIS title is from "Womanhandled", *in which Richard Dix and Esther Ralston are directed by Mr. La Cava. Mr. La Cava is also responsible for the title.*

¶ *Would Ben Lyon today be a successful First National star if he had not gone to the office to buy a fifteen-cent "still"?*



Luck Comes Once to Everyone

¶ *Once in a lifetime, at least, the Fates will throw roses in your pathway and the riches of the earth are yours for the taking.*

PAINTED on a shoe-store wall I saw one of Poor Richard's sayings that doesn't serve immortality at all: "Indolence is the mother of luck." In fancy I heard the combined retort of a thousand little extra girls: "So's your old man!"

Poor Richard must be excused. He lived nearly two centuries before bright-faced, eager-eyed girls invaded Hollywood with all the pluck in the world, with determination and the will to work. Yet if one in a hundred succeeds it is more often because of a lucky break than through superior ability. One Day of Days came when she couldn't go wrong. Fate looped her in for twenty-four hours and set her on top of the world with no explanation of how she got there, but thrilled speechless by the glorious sensation of having arrived.

Well, sooner or later it comes our way. We all have our One Big Day.

I remember Old Henderson out in the Queensland opal fields. Now opals don't jibe with good luck, unless you happen to be born in October, then the opal is your birthstone. Henderson was too old for anyone to know when he had been born; but being placed upon this earth, he proceeded to acquire all the accidents, short of death, that can befall a man. His legs and arms bent crookedly through many fractures and resettings by the rough surgery of the bush; but upon his legs he limped in the wake of mining "rushes", and with his arms he moiled dirt that never showed gold or opal quartz.

Misfortune didn't follow him; it stalked ahead, then lay in ambush and leaped on Henderson's neck. Whatever happened, happened to him. At the Caramindie field, history repeated itself. Henderson found himself possessed of the only barren claim. At night when camp fires blazed and orange reflections warmed the ghostly canvas of the tents, he sat alone on the dump around his shaft, brooding at the perversity of things. Sometimes he descended to fossick in the dark, and in the morning he examined what he had dug up overnight.

Nary a show!

The end came when his mine caved in. An abrupt fall of earth and timbers thudded through the still night air. A scared yell stretched around the camp: "Henderson's lost in the fall!"

¶ From behind the scenes of the motion picture world come these actual instances of blind and beneficent luck.



¶ Lois Moran pours tea for Ben Lyon in "The Reckless Lady." It's tea and cakes for Ben these days.

By Gayne Dexter

Yes, it had to happen to Henderson.

Men dug for him. The lamps' glare lit their faces and sweat ran free. They stripped and dug, calling to Henderson or listening for tappings, for any signal of life to answer their appeals. There were hours of digging before a figure emerged from the belt of darkness beyond the field and came tilting inquisitively among the rescuers.

"What's going on around here?" he inquired.

"Henderson's lost below. He's——" The informant stopped short and swore. "'Struth, Henderson, we thought you were down there when your shaft caved in! We're digging for *you!*"

Pulling at his beard, the old fellow grinned. "Ain't been around here all day. I went prospecting over the ridge and struck it. Staked my claim and all. Yairs, for once in my life I've struck it—rich!"

He opened his palm to reveal a piece of black opal. Who could peer into its irridescent core and know what its flashing, turning lights were laughing at?

A panting miner, disgusted at his unnecessary heroism, hauled himself up the shaft. "That ain't all, Henderson," he growled. "Digging for you, we've opened a new vein in your mine. You've got the richest mine in the field right here."

Henderson subsided thoughtfully amid the slag and ruminated upon his luckless years. "Ain't it the devil how luck breaks all in a heap?" he muttered. . . .

Fragments of fortune. The world is full of them.

Up a flight of brownstone steps in a drab brown (*Continued on page* 107)



¶ Ben Lyon, the fascinating juvenile of the First National Studios, never ceased his efforts to break in—but it was luck that bulled him over the fence.

A Screen CELEBRITY



¶ *Sally O'Neil is youth personified — with the buoyancy and effervescence that only a healthy, normal girl can have.*

¶ *Marshall Neilan saw Sally dancing at the Ambassador one night and decided she was just the girl he needed for* "Mike."

¶ *Glorifying Sally O'Neil — the liveliest, loveliest and luckiest of yougsters.*

MAYBE it was the eyes — they seem always to be laughing.

It's rather hard to tell just what does create the piquant charm that is Sally O'Neil's. She's the queerest combination of high school girl and screen celebrity one could imagine — a youngster emerging from the chrysalis of school days into the sunlight of fame, and she doesn't seem to be able to realize it yet.

Her story does read rather like a modern Cinderella tale — there's even the grand ball in it, and a fairy godfather instead of a godmother, and a role in *"Mike"* instead of a slipper, that fitted her and no one else.

She was dancing with a high school friend one night at the Ambassador Hotel, and cogitating on the next day's problems in algebra, as any sixteen-year-old girl with a weakness in mathematics might, when Marshall Neilan saw her. Neilan had been worrying for days for his girl character in *"Mike"*; he wanted a piquant sixteen-year-old flapper with laughing eyes, a lot of vivacity, and an unsophistication that doesn't seem to be quite the style among those who flap these days — and Sally, dancing, caught his eye. What's more, she held it.

"That's the girl I want!" quoth Neilan.

And what Neilan wants he gets — and that's how Sally O'Neil got into pictures — a rather personally conducted way that spells the open sesame to fame if you happen to make good the expectations of the all-powerful one who

and STILL *in* High School

By H. B. Kay



In spite of the adulation of fan letters, Sally remains absolutely unspoiled.

opened the door for you. A director takes a lot of responsibility when he takes a chance such as Neilan took with Sally — if she hadn't made good he'd have had a good deal of explaining to do. But she did — so that's that.

But fame didn't spoil her; perhaps because she was too busy to be spoiled. There was school to consider, even while at work in pictures, for Sally is only sixteen, and the California law says that sixteen-year-old high school flappers have to keep up with school whether they flap on the screen or not. A teacher was provided while she was in the picture, and between scenes and after hours she kept up with her work — and it is interesting to know that she's never had below a "B" grade.



Sally and her big brother. Sally has the advantage of home life — they're a happy crowd.

A rôle in "*Don't*" followed, and in the Rupert Hughes comedy she made good again. "*Sally, Irene and Mary*" gave her even a better rôle, and then followed "*The Auction Block*". Of course, she's under contract to the big studio where she got her start, and they're developing her rapidly.

Maybe it's because she finds time to be an earnest student that she's so interesting. Under all her vivacity and charm there lies a serious purpose, and she is ever reaching for more knowledge. That's how she rates so high a grade in her studies despite interruptions of production. And what she learns she echoes on the screen.

Sally has always had the advantage of home life, and a lot of brothers and sisters. One can't well become spoiled in a big family — and her home life is ideal.

She was the daughter of a judge of the Supreme Court in New Jersey, and, when her father died, her mother took the little family West. There was no intention of essaying movies; climate and schools seem to be the principal objects the family sought.

Now it's different, of course. One of her sisters, Susan, has followed her into films, and is a featured player with the Hal Roach studios, while Belle is making good on the stage. Her brother is studying engineering.

At home they're a happy crowd, all perfect comrades.

And maybe that's what makes Sally so lovable. Her family ties and her school work (*Continued on page* 98)

The MOST EXPRESSIVE HANDS on the Screen

IN the book of etiquette, you know — 'What's wrong with this picture?' — the careful student will find that gestures are taboo, that talking with the hands went out with toothpicks; but this authority on manners was not compiled for the use of screen stars." To make her point comprehensive, Miss Lillian Rich waved her hands eloquently as though brushing into darkest limbo the mistaken criterion of Mrs. Grundy. Her hands are beautiful in repose, beautifully kept and exquisitely formed, with long, comprehensive thumbs and with flexible, sensitive fingers beautifully proportioned to the mass of the palm.

Lillian Rich is Cecil B. DeMille's sure-fire star, as "*The Golden Bed*" so firmly established.

"But, beware!" and Miss Rich gracefully assumed the traditional traffic cop's manner. "All mechanical gestures are little more than confusing and detract rather than add to the message. Mr. De Mille has coached us considerably to learn to use our hands expressively, and his most constant and reiterated suggestion is, "Forget your hands — forget them, but use them." A favorite statement of his is that no sincere emotion can be felt without its reaching through the nerve centers to clench and unclench the hands — to "Use each expressive digit forcibly to tell every thought of the mind. It is only such motions that actually serve the actress in pictures."

Miss Rich's poses were secured first by concentrating her mind on the emotion and relaxing. Then, while the thought predominated, by letting her hands find their own expressive positions.



¶ *Pugnacity*



¶ *Thought*

¶ *Apprehension.*

¶ *Surprise*



¶ *Indifference*

¶ Miss Lillian Rich, of the Cecil B. De Mille Studios, tells a story with her hands.

By K. Barrett



¶ *Terror*

Some of the photographs with this article are remarkable for their grace. They tell a story to the eye, unmistakable and convincing.

No salesman before his prospect could do better than to take the suggestion of Miss Rich.

Let him feel with conviction the truth of the words he utters and let him not rigidly restrain his hands from seeking to add to his convincing argument. Orators tell us that gestures made with the fingers are expressive of intellect, gestures made with the palm of the hand are of a lower order, and gestures made with the fist are invariably blunt, physical and lacking in fineness. The whole pose of the body reflects mental attitude. A person rises on his toes with knees slightly bent as his words approach a supplication and lowers himself quite naturally to his heels when a decision is reached.



¶ *Indignation*



¶ *Suspicion*



¶ *Anticipation*

Every person in this world sells something and his degree of success often is exactly in ratio to his power of establishing conviction in other minds.

Using the hands as an aid to conversation is low-bred but this refers to polite conversation. Using your hands, your mind, your body, your every talent to state cunningly what you believe, is a privilege, and in the instance of Miss Rich a decided art.

Alberta Vaughn



You can't tell us different. We know there's a Santa Claus.

Before we met Alberta Vaughn, in her very own home at 248 South Oxford street, Hollywood, we pictured her as a saucy, flippant, sophisticated, albeit charming little flapper, who might, under provocation, "sass" her mother, smoke a coupla cigarettes occasionally, drink a coupla highballs occasionally, stay out till two or three in the morning occasionally, and behave generally as any modern up-to-date flapper should. Before we arrived in Hollywood to spend three weeks with Alberta as her house guest, we thought: "Aha, Paula, now you're in for a little of that Wild Life in Hollywood you've heard so much about. Now you're going to step!"

And step we did. But in quite another direction.

Honestly, we hate to disillusion the thousands of Alberta Vaughn fans who think much as we did before we were educated, but seein's believin'. And we saw a lot of Alberta during our three weeks' sojourn in her charming home in Oxford Street. We saw Alberta when she got up in the morning, a cunning child, restless and so eager to get to the studio that she wouldn't take time for her breakfast; we saw her in make-up, when, as Mazie St. Clair, the beautiful, gum-chewing, hard-boiled stenographer in the office of George Dorsey, she was the very idol of the F. B. O. lot, and we saw her again in the evening, when she returned from the studio, a fatigued, hungry child, too tired to do anything except cuddle up in her mother's lap and fall asleep in her arms.

¶ *Alberta Vaughn, famous for her* "Telephone Girl" *and* "Mazie" *series, offers a beautiful silver evening dress to a* SCREENLAND *reader.*

Alberta Vaughn is a great little actress. And no one can realize that child's versatility till he sees her *off the screen.* Because the Alberta Vaughn you see on the screen in her loud, checked, tight-fitting dresses, her frizzed hair, her beauty spots and her tin jewelry, is an altogether different person from the sweet, reserved little home-girl she becomes the minute she discards make-up and freak costume. Alberta is a home-girl. She can't help being that, because, first of all, she comes from an old Southern family (no kidding) whose women have always had "home" for a background — beautiful, charming, gracious and very feminine women, and one can't, even in this day and age, associate extreme femininity with jazz and cigarettes and gin. And secondly, Alberta has no inclination to be anything but a home-girl. She doesn't smoke cigarettes, she doesn't like "licker," wild parties bore and disgust her, and she sleeps in flannel nighties with long sleeves. Anyway, we think she's mighty lucky because she has no jazz inclinations. If she had, she'd get spanked and put to bed by that very Southern father of hers.

the Fairest of the Trails

By *Paula Gould*



Yes, sah, she sure would. So there you are. A jazz-baby on the screen. Off it, a mid-Victorian girl, with old-fashioned ideals and tendencies.

Much of Alberta's screen personality is due to her freak clothes. It is not generally known that her very charming and beautiful mother, who is far more beautiful than Alberta ever will be (Alberta, darling, forgive us for this, but it *is* true, isn't it?) and much too young to be anybody's mother, much less the mother of a great, big, grown-up girl of eighteen, is responsible for the trick clothes with which Alberta is rigged out for her screen appearances. When Alberta signed her F. B. O. contract to star in "*The Telephone Girl*" series, a family conference was held, and then and there it was decided that she was not to portray the switchboard-operator as a sweet, fluffy-haired flapper, but she was to create a type, or, better yet, caricature a type so prevalent in the United States — she was to out-flapper the flapper. Her hair was to be a bit more frizzed, her skirts a good deal shorter, her stockings rolled a bit lower, her beauty spots visible a block away, and her dresses (not even her press agent dare call them frocks!) — her dresess, as we said, were to create a new screen fashion. They were to fit her form as tightly as she could bear them; they were to accentuate that figure, which Professor Sennett called the most delectable in all Hollywood; they were to be loud and attractive and full of sex-appeal. And when Alberta got into them you may be sure they were full of sex-appeal. . . .

Those dresses of Alberta's are the talk of Hollywood! She doesn't buy them at any French costumer's, neither are they designed by a leading Hollywood modiste, but Alberta is thrown into them by her family. Just what we said. Thrown into them by her family. We can swear to it because we saw it done.

Mrs. Vaughn buys one and one quarter yards of a nice, loud-speaking plaid broadcloth. (*Continued on page* 97)

FREE *for a fan letter!*

Everyone admires Alberta Vaughn. Her slim grace would inspire poets and masters of prose could sing of her lissome beauty. Can you? The best letter about Alberta Vaughn will be rewarded with this famous dress.

CONTEST CLOSES MARCH 10, 1926.

Address ALBERTA VAUGHN DRESS CONTEST
SCREENLAND, 236 WEST 55TH ST.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Here is Alberta in the dress which will go to the winner. It is a princess model of lustrous silver cloth with a tight-fitting, sleeveless bodice. The skirt is draped in front and finished with a beautiful pearl ornament at the waist with long strands of pearls reaching the hem. Silver slippers, size 3½-C, and stockings, go with the dress.

As GENEROUS *as she is* LOVELY— Dorothy Mackaill

By *Christine Valleau*



¶ *Beautiful Dorothy Mackaill is playing the lead in "The Dancer of Paris," a Michael Arlen story, produced under the direction of Al. Santell at the New York First National studios.*

ONE day shortly after Christmas a SCREENLAND representative went calling at the Cosmopolitan studios to watch the filming of scenes for *"The Dancer of Paris."* This is the picture version of a short story by Michael Arlen which Robert Kane is filming for First National Pictures. Probably some of you have read the story. Dorothy Mackaill has the leading rôle, with Conway Tearle playing opposite her.

And let us say right here that you are due for a big surprise when you see Dorothy in this rôle of the famous dancer who, in the author's own words, "wore clothes so that Frenchwomen looked like Englishwomen" and whose "bank manager stood at attention when speaking to her."

It's a new Dorothy Mackaill, seductive, sirenish, that will smile at you from the silversheet when *"The Dancer of Paris"* comes to town.

Well, to get back to our story, Miss Mackaill was just finishing a scene with Mr. Tearle, under the direction of Al. Santell, when the SCREENLAND writer found his way onto the set.

The beautiful, gleaming wrist-watch on her slender wrist caught the attention of our scribe. During the

¶ Dorothy Mackaill bought a watch and then she had one given her. So she offers one to you.

course of conversation after the scene was finished, he commented on it admiringly.

"It's a beautiful little watch. New?"

"Yes," she explained. "I bought it just before Christmas to take the place of one I lost; and on Christmas I was given another. Here I am now with two watches where before I didn't have any. It really makes me feel a little selfish."

"That's easy," said SCREENLAND. "I have a lot of girl friends——"

Miss Mackaill smiled.

"I've been thinking," she interrupted, "that I'd like to give it to one of my fans. They always seem to be doing things for me — writing me pleasant, flattering letters, and sometimes sending me their pictures — and I never have a chance to show how much I appreciate it.

"I'd like them to know that I do. It's nice to feel that you have friends— friends you don't know, perhaps, but real friends nevertheless. And I get so many letters I feel I must have quite a few.

"It would give me a lot of pleasure if one of those unknown friends of mine had this watch to remember me by, and I thought SCREENLAND would help me find out just the right wrist to place it on."

So SCREENLAND, ever willing to be of assistance in the performance of generous, kindly deeds, accepted with pleasure that opportunity to locate a particularly good friend of Miss Mackaill's upon whom to bestow a beautiful jewel.

(*Continued on page 96*)



¶ Dorothy wearing the watch in "The Dancer of Paris."



¶ This is the watch to be given to a SCREENLAND reader. It is of white gold with a delicate inlaid design in black enamel — seventeen-jewel Swiss movement, three-piece case with triple adjustments.

FAN LETTER CONTEST

The writer of the best letter about Dorothy Mackaill will be given this watch. It will be an ornament and a good timepiece; but it will also be a fine tribute to the writing skill of the winner.

Contest closes March 10, 1926.

Address

DOROTHY MACKAILL WATCH CONTEST
SCREENLAND, 236 WEST 55TH ST.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Winners in the December Contests —

The Norma Shearer Dress was awarded to MRS. GENEVIEVE WELCH, Malta, Illinois, R. F. D. She writes:

"When the program is sent to us from our theater and we see that Norma Shearer is to appear, activities are suspended and off we go to a distance of ten miles."

The Marion Davies Bonnet was awarded to ESTELLE L. KATZ, 66 Highland St., Brockton, Mass. She writes:

"I see all of her pictures twice; honestly. The first time just to look at her, and the second time to see the picture."

The Claire Windsor Shoes were awarded to MISS F. PAULINE LANSING, 39 Park Ave., Saranac Lake, N. Y. She writes:

"She is a born aristocrat, interesting and mysterious because of her dignified reserve, with an aesthetic beauty and charm."

The Vera Reynolds Slippers were awarded to MISS D. MARGUERITE FARRELL, Waubay, S. Dakota. She writes:

"She is beautiful in a 'doll-like' manner, clean, petite, dainty, has real character and is ambitious."

The Eleanor Boardman Parasol was awarded to MARGARET B. JOHNSTON, 2463 Valentine Ave., New York City. She writes:

"This unassuming, brown-haired girl has the ability to lend a saving sense of human humor to the most flighty heroines ever conceived."

The GRAFT



Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

¶ Doris Kenyon is the sweetest, jolliest girl I know. You feel scintillating for a whole week after you have talked with her.

WHY the paleness? Have you forsworn the rouge pots as well as the flesh pots, or is that just your idea of what a lady critic should look like?"

This was our best friend talking.

"No," we replied, "or at least, if I have renounced the flesh pots, it is only in a manner of speaking. You see, I've been spending the afternoon with Corinne Griffith."

"You're always with those screen people. Do you think they appreciate it? Do you think they realize just how much you do for them?"

"I don't know; probably not. And I'm sure they do not realize just how much they do for me."

"Oh, so they give you things?"

"Every one of them — splendid things!"

Our best woman friend looked uneasy. "But I thought it wasn't quite ethical, you know, for newspaper critics to receive presents from the people they write about. Why, you couldn't even write in your review that an actress was cold if you were wearing a silver fox she gave you, could you? Or that a screen hero lacked the divine spark if you had his diamond bracelet on your arm?"

"You're quite right. Probably the hero wouldn't mind if we said he lacked the divine spark; but I never would dare to say that a man had no sex appeal if I happened to be wearing his diamond bracelet. Neither would I set down on paper that a screen actress did not know how to dress if I happened to be wearing a handsome fur which she had given me."

"Oh, I see what you mean," answered our best friend with unwonted dumbness. "You mean you wouldn't accept a silver fox from an actress who didn't know how to dress, nor a bracelet from a star who had no sex appeal."

"Not a bit of it," we retorted. "I wasn't speaking of material things."

"Oh," answered our friend with obvious disappointment. "What then?"

"I never saw you so unappreciative before, and you probably won't understand a word I'm saying. But, strange as it may seem, I derive more joy from delving

I GET *from the* STARS

By Harriette Underhill



¶ *Corinne Griffith makes you feel that the only thing worth while in a woman is naturalness.*



¶ *The greatest part the Marquise ever played in my life was when she brought back that becoming haircut from Paris.*

¶ *Contact with the great affects the moods of this famous writer. "A little stardust rubs off even on little me," says she.*

into new minds than anything else in the world."

"I didn't know you were interested in the mining business."

"I said 'minds', not 'mines'. There's a vast difference!"

"Not so much," said our friend contemptuously. "You've got to dig hard to get anything out of either of them, haven't you?"

"Why do you think it is smart to pretend that you don't like actors and actresses? And that old joke about their stupidity is the biggest bromide of them all, let me tell you."

"All right. But I like people who *do* things."

"Such as selling advertising or writing poetry at fifty cents a line, I suppose. Well, I love actresses and actors."

"Especially the actors. Now, what a r e these precious things they give you? Not bracelets, not furs; now don't tell me they give you ideas."

"You've guessed it. They give me ideas."

"What kind of ideas?"

"All k i n d s of ideas. D i d y o u ever meet Corinne Griffith, f o r instance?"

"No, b u t I've heard she's different from the others."

"Of course she's different from the others. All screen actresses aren't a l i k e any more than all writers of poetry or all book agents. Now, when you met me today you remarked that I wore no make-up. You don't like me with no lip rouge and no powder on my nose, do you?"

"No, the unostentatious type is not your type at all."

"All right; blame Corinne Griffith."

"Did she tell you you looked like a noble woman that way?"

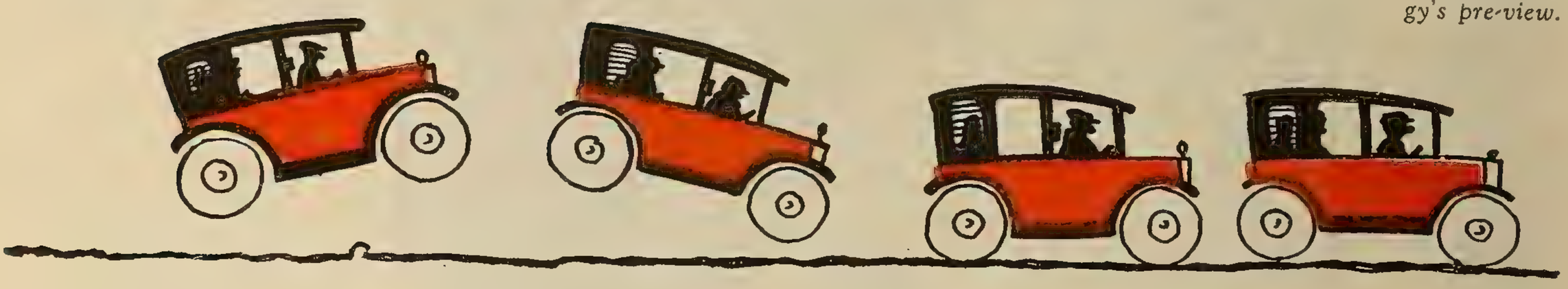
"No; she said nothing about it. But I'm such a chameleon person that I take on the color of anyone I'm with."

"Then you're a synthetic product?" (*Cont. on page* 86)

The COMING OUT

¶When a movie makes its debut in New York Imagination sets the stage, and Fancy spreads the luncheon

By Delight Evans



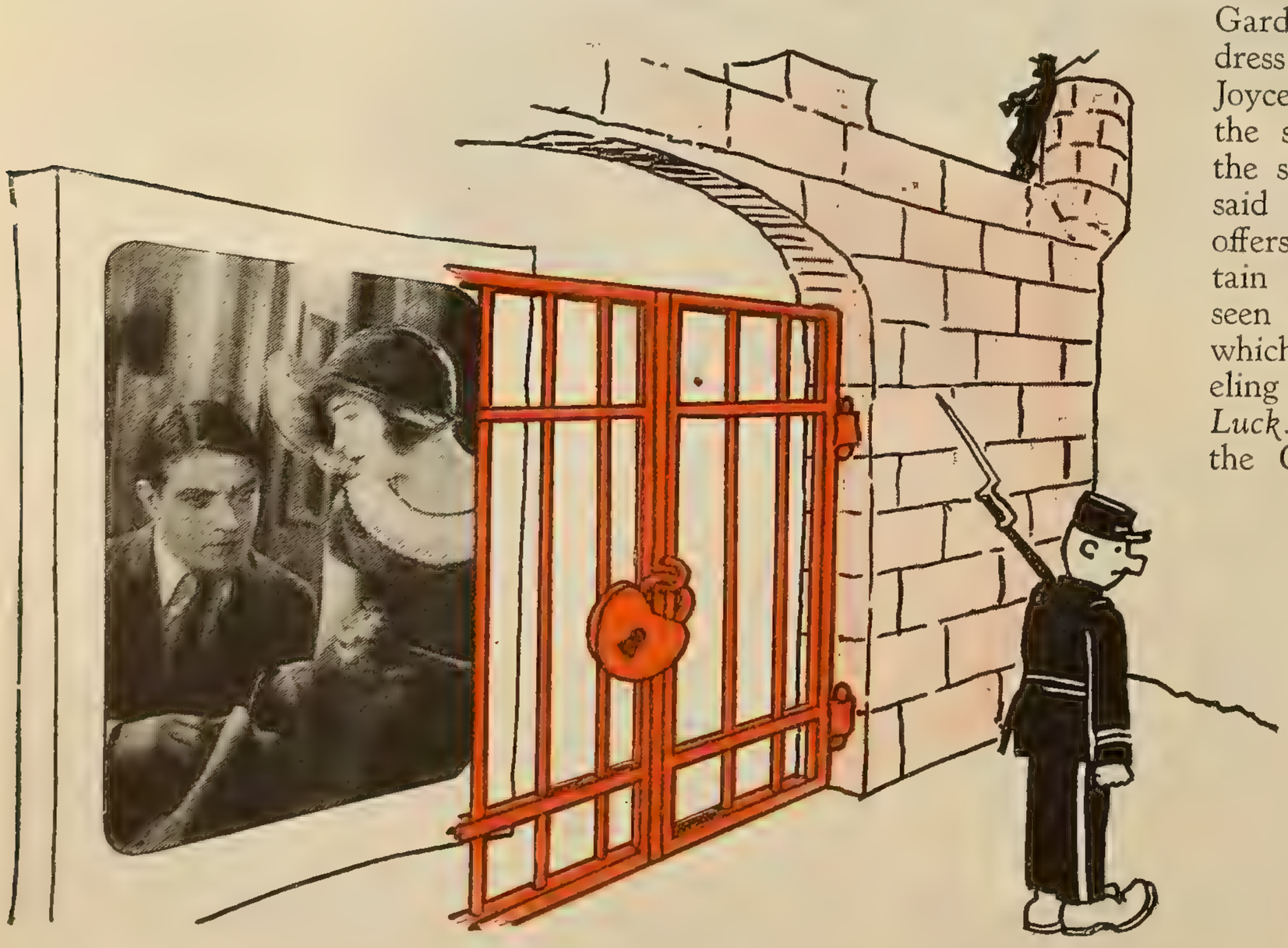
¶ Sea-going taxi-cabs taking critics to Peggy's pre-view.

AREN'T the movies wonderful? I declare I don't see any room for improvement unless some smart producer gets a brand-new idea about pre-views. To date, about the only places in which pre-views have not been held are Grant's Tomb and a telephone booth. Someone suggested the Aquarium or Bronx Zoo the other day, but the producer made some mean crack about those being just the places to take reviewers and lose them. Since then, everyone has been more or less content with the Ritz-Carlton grand ballroom.

The first pre-view I ever went to was in a stuffy little projection-room in a low, sordid office-building. The seats were camp chairs. The producer had his own overstuffed chair brought in, and sat right in front of me, and I would have seen the picture if I had had the nerve to ask him to remove his hat.

Since then, I have pre-viewed pictures in hotel ballrooms and palm-gardens, private projection-rooms of movie magnates, supper-clubs and Sing Sing, an airplane, and on board the *S. S. Leviathan.*

The last was the latest, so I'll tell you about that. The super-production of the United States Steamship Lines greeted us at the pier at the foot of Forty-sixth Street, North River. Once on board, we were dazzled by a blaze of magnificence, to which the luxurious Palm Garden of the sea giant and the best dress and jewels of Peggy Hopkins Joyce contributed. Receiving with the star were Captain Hartley and the ship's officers. Capt. Hartley is said to have received more movie offers than any other steamship captain and looks it. You may have seen him in that little travel picture which showed Tommy Meighan traveling to Ireland to make "*Irish Luck.*" Miss Joyce, in private life the Countess Morner, rushed from Hollywood just to be present at the pre-view of "*The Sky-*



¶ Dick Barthelmess in "The Beautiful City," *which was shown at Sing Sing.*

Party

rocket" and rushed right back again to start work on her next. Having tamed the world's biggest sea-beast and also a crowd of motion picture critics and editors, she felt she had done enough.

The guests at this entertainment were respectfully requested to confine their dancing to the grand ballroom or the palm garden, in each of which a super-orchestra played. About nine, the photoplay which was the excuse for the evening was about to be shown, and it was announced that if we would stay, there would be supper and dancing afterward. The reviewers decided to stay; and were resigned when they saw with their own eyes Irvin Cobb, Lawrence Stallings and Heywood Broun settling themselves in comfortable chairs prepared to enjoy the cinema treat. "*The Sky Rocket*" exploded; and so did, according to report, one or two dissatisfied critics, who had been led to expect that there would be a moon. In the movies there is always a moon in ship scenes. The company regretted that no moon could be supplied on such short notice but promised to send the critics a bag of shiny new marbles the next day.

Count Morner should have been proud of his little woman.

There was that pre-view at the Ritz. It was a long time ago, but it practically made pre-view history. It was rumored by some that a motion picture was shown — in fact, the handsomely engraved invitations from Tiffany's said so. And some of the guests swore, later, that they had seen something on the screen. But the majority, in its simple, good-natured way, was perfectly content to dance to the music supplied by one of the city's slickest bands and to partake of the dainties proffered by solemn servitors. Altogether, it was (*Continued on page* 88)

¶ *Peggy Joyce's* "The Skyrocket" *was given a pre-view on board the Leviathan, and Peggy was there.*

¶ *Scene from* "The Skyrocket," *starring Peggy Joyce (the Countess Morner) with Owen Moore and Earle Williams.*



¶ *Critics dressed appropriately for either Sing Sing or the zebra's cage.*

Norma Talmadge Tells



SUPPOSE that each morning someone said to you: "Oh, Miss Talmadge, you never were so wonderful as in your last picture"; and suppose for lunch, someone offered you: "Oh, Miss Talmadge, you are the most beautiful girl on the screen." And for tea and dinner, you were served with something like: "Oh, Miss Talmadge, you have no equal on the screen." If this should happen to you, do you think when, at night, you returned from work (for Norma works, make no mistake about that) and your husband said: "Well, they tell me '*Graustark*' broke all records at the Capitol in New York City" — do you think that you could go on, day after day, trying, trying, trying; or do you think you, like so many other film celebrities, would assume a high hat as your rightful chapeau?

A girl who has never made a success in the movies listens to the words of her director when her opportunity comes, and with her whole soul in her work and a prayer in her heart, she gives of her best. But when success comes, when her confidence in herself is founded upon actual performances, then is the time when the director's cautions seem somewhat audacious, when the assistant director is little more than an obnoxious necessity and when the small inner voice of conceit rings loud enough to deafen the mind to criticism.

How is it, then, that Norma Talmadge has been able, when success has followed success, when her popularity, growing constantly, surrounds her with constant adulation — how is it possible for her to act with such beauty and simplicity, with such sincerity and humility, the parts that she has recently enacted?

What is the secret of Norma Talmadge's simplicity in the face of success?

We put this question directly to Norma.

It was during an afternoon of preparation — a brilliant

¶ Norma Talmadge with Ronald Colman beginning work on her film production of "Kiki," the famous Belasco stage success, which will bring again to the screen Norma as a captivating minx.

Her Secret of Success

By Alice Joy



¶ *Norma Talmadge owns the third largest pear-shaped diamond in the world, the gift of her husband. It is not strange that this marvelous jewel has had a distinct influence on Norma's life.*

¶ *"The door was open and Kiki blew in." From the princess in "Graustark," Norma Talmadge, in her next rôle, drops down to the gutters of Paris and plays the little ragamuffin Kiki. Her talent is versatile and is guided by a wise philosophy.*

premiere that night would see Norma among the illustrious in the audience, and her jewels had just arrived from the safe-deposit vault whose dusky caverns must glow and scintillate as a pirate's cave of old with the gorgeous treasures confided to its keeping. And Norma was looking at her particular favorite gem — the Norma Diamond. We knew, of course, about the diamond. It is the third largest pear-shaped diamond in the world, we are told, and it is the delight of the heart of Norma Talmadge. Its myriad facets almost explode with rainbow glints. It is large, but more, it is exquisite. It is a gem, and though centuries and centuries old, it should be called the Norma Diamond throughout all the centuries to come; for it is a living part of the life of perhaps the greatest film player that we have.

"I'll tell you," said Norma, "why this stone has saved me from the silly conceits it is so easy to feel. I look at this beautiful jewel and recognize in it Sincerity. How could I, playing a part in a film, want for a more beautiful or convincing symbol than this shining bit of truth. It stimulates my imagination to other things. I like to think that perhaps the Kaffir boy who found this went that night to a picture show in Cape Colony to see me prance around in *'Poppy'*. Perhaps the diamond-cutter in Holland, after his day's work, went to a picture show, and I was there to entertain him. Their work has been to help me — can I do less than try as sincerely to give them my very best?"

¶ *In "Graustark," Norma Talmadge as Princess Yetive had an opportunity to give her gorgeous diamond a chance at a film career.*

As we left Norma, we realized that it was her imagination which had made her successful.

So, now, all we have to do is to get a third or fourth largest diamond and we, too, will succeed.

"I'll find a Way"



¶ *Beauty has ever inspired men to do and dare. It drives the lowliest to heroic heights, and calls even press agents to deeds of grandeur.*

By Nels Leroy Jorgensen

JIMMY WELLS was annoyed. As press agent for Pacific Films in general, and Maurice Kaltman, producer, in particular, it was against his business instincts to interest himself in any one of the crowds of extra girls who flooded the studios in search of work.

But he had interested himself in Peggy. And he hadn't even seen her before a camera. Peggy, with her deep, wide eyes and wondering, childishly red lips, had made him forget even the second precept of his job. He had done what he had scorned always to do before; he had actually told her that she could make good in pictures and that he'd get her the chance.

And now, upon his return from the East, Peggy was where he had first seen her — singing out her sweet young voice to the dubious accompaniment of a rather hectic piano and a discreetly lowered violin, in Rosedale Manor, one of the city's popular night clubs.

Jimmy looked up with a frown when he heard her voice. No, he could never be mistaken about that voice. It was the voice of a child who finds the world very sweet and full of good things — a child who wants to put her hands on those things but finds her fingers too small to grasp them.

"An' so if you go away —
Other sweeties wanta stay —
An' honey, I ain't gonna grieve for long. . . ."

With an exclamation of impatience, Jimmy turned away at the closing lines of her song and beckoned to the manager, who was standing nearby. The approbation of full applause he scarcely heard. Peggy could sing, of course, he didn't need to be assured of that.

"Yes, Mr. Wells?"

The press agent, a frown darkening his ordinarily smiling gray eyes, gestured toward the tiny door in the rear through which Peggy Moore was just slipping out into the dressing room.

"I thought Miss Moore had left here," be observed. "How long has she been back?"

The manager shrugged and permitted himself a rather wearied but understanding smile.

"It's only another picture story," he murmured. "She left — as she said she would. But she came back last week." He shook his head. "It's the usual stuff — six girls every day come here looking for work. Any kind of work, after the pictures have turned them down. As a movie press agent, Mr. Wells, I should think you would try to discourage . . . ."

"Discourage — my eye!" Jimmy exploded. "That kid's gonna be the find of the season, before I'm through. I don't know what season, but my hat's in the ring. Tell the waiter to let her know I'm out here and ask her to join me."

He turned away. The manager, with a shrug reserved for every occasion, took himself off. Jimmy sat alone.

Discourage her! She'd had enough discouragement, he told himself resentfully — this wide-eyed child who was singing

¶ *Peggy fascinated him — Peggy with her deep, wide eyes and wondering, childishly red lips, dancing, singing, intoxicating ——*



¶ *This illustration is actually a scene from David Wark Griffith's* "That Royle Girl."

out her heart for the fatuous fools at the surrounding tables. She was entirely too real, too sincere in her sweetness and ingenuousness. Another actress might force her way past the barriers. Peggy would wait until she was seen. It angered him.

He had planned the way for her at the Pacific Studio; had got her an interview direct with Kaltman, before he left for New York. What had happened? Probably some underling had stood in her way. Certainly Kaltman hadn't seen her, or she wouldn't be back here.

Jimmy nervously lighted a fresh cigarette. Agents' offices, directors' anterooms: these were no places for her. She belonged — but Jimmy didn't dare to phrase even to himself his conviction of (*Continued on page* 99)



¶ *Dolores Costello in "The Mannequin."*

The Girl Who Made THE Mannequin

¶ *Dolores Costello shows the latest style in screen talent.*

By Helen Starr



THEY had her cast as a vampire—one of those affectionate lady gorillas of the films who carries firebrands and vandalism in her wake—before she came out to Hollywood. But after they saw her, they slid the casting sheet of the next production under a newspaper and kindly and magnanimously told her to take a month's vacation. And if you saw Dolores Costello smiling out from beneath a peach-pink sport hat, you'd never wish to see her in vampire rôles either. It was just another of those funny mistakes they make in studios. And she has no puffy ego as to an ability to handle any kind of rôle. She didn't insist on doing that vampire. The merest suggestion of it brings forth her schoolgirl giggle.



¶ *Playing opposite John Barrymore would have upset more than one film star, but not this one.*

¶ *She has poise and patience and much of that needed quality known as "starch."*

Perhaps no greater success has come to any girl in filmdom than has come in the past year to this new starlet. Oh, you say, it's easy for the daughter of Maurice Costello, always-ring-true hero of hundreds of popular Vitagraph features, to make her way to the top in the films. But I don't think papa had any very direct hand in the matter, for he was never in Hollywood in his life up to a week or so ago. And many sons and daughters and brothers and sisters of other stars have not made good in the film capital, so a heap of credit must surely go to demure little Dolores herself.

"I was more surprised than anyone else to be asked to come out to Hollywood," (*Continued on page* 82)



DOLORES COSTELLO'S dark blond hair and blue eyes give particular charm to her beauty. *"The Sea Beast"* shows that Dolores has something else as well —it's an inheritance.

Photograph by John Ellis.



LILYAN TASHMAN'S most recent part is the leading role in *"Rocking Moon"*. She has blond hair, blue eyes and—Edmund Lowe, of course.

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr.



KATHRYN PERRY is working on the *"Helen and Warren"* series for Fox. She is blessed with the photographic treasures, auburn-brown hair and gray eyes.
Photograph by Melbourne Spurr.



"Volcano" will be Bebe Daniel's next screen play.

Bebe has made two sparkling dark brown eyes and a dark head of brown hair very famous indeed.

Phootgraph by Eugene Robert Richee.

Delight Evans' Reviews

of the NEW Screenplays

The BEST film of this month or any other month.

STUPENDOUS
AMAZING
THRILLING
COLOSSAL
GIGANTIC
BIG

BEN-HUR

¶ To everybody who has been faithfully going to the movies — "Ben-Hur" is your reward!

HERE'S *Ben-Hur!*

REMEMBER your first circus? How you tried to watch all three rings at once, to say nothing of the trapeze and the clowns? Remember how you felt when it was all over, and the peanuts all gone? But you wouldn't have missed it for anything.

That's what *Ben-Hur* is going to do to you. It's the biggest circus ever staged. Lay-deez and gent-ul-mun—the four million dollar motion picture! It looks it, just as all those so-called million dollar productions didn't. The Ben-Hur troupe did almost as much traveling in its treks from Hollywood to Europe and back again as the old companies did touring the country with the General Lew Wallace classic. Everybody has seen or read or heard of *Ben-Hur* and some people are even saying that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is in danger of getting its money back.

I have some good, ripe adjectives to offer—stupendous, amazing, colossal, thrilling, gigantic, and Big. I think Big is the best. From the very beginning, it's so Big it gets you. The enormous canvas pictures the trials of Judah, the Jewish prince, from his break with the Roman Messala, his torture in the galleys, his escape, his search for mother and sister, to his triumph as the driver of the Arabian steeds in the Antioch sweep-stakes. There is also the tale of the Nazarene, with the Nativity, the Last Supper, and the Crucifixion. In color, the Biblical scenes are beautiful; and it was a breath-taking portrait of the Madonna which first brought the first-night audience to its figurative feet. Once electrified, it let go; and they say all the succeeding audiences have stayed that way. But you won't need a list of rules of etiquette when you see *Ben-Hur*. Let your emotions be your guide; by the time you come to the chariot race you will be cheering with the rest of them — if you are still in voice.

It's that chariot race which leads *Ben-Hur* to victory. Ramon Novarro rides to hitherto unattained heights behind his milk-white steeds. You have seen chariot races before; but boy, wait till you see this one! Francis X. Bushman as the dirty Roman dog, Messala (a part played first by Bill Hart) sees Ben-Hur gaining on him and slashes out with his whip. Ben catches it—he's really such a good scout you can't help calling him that. Messala tries any number of low tricks to upset the Hur chariot; but before he knows it, Judah has crashed past him, in fact, over him. After that, cheers, and more cheers.

It has one of those casts which would be hailed as all-star in any other picture. In *Ben-Hur,* it's taken for granted that the participants are Novarro, Bushman, May McAvoy, Carmel Myers, Currier, de Brullier, Betty Bronson, Kathleen Key. Claire MacDowell finally takes her place as a cinema champion as the majestic matriarch. Since old Biograph days, when the actual trade-mark, "AB", appeared regularly in a corner of every scene, to *Ben-Hur,* which could put a dollar-sign in every scene and get away with it, Miss MacDowell has been working in her own quiet way. As Judah's mother, her performance brings her into her own as one of our great unstarred stars.

To everybody who has been faithfully going to the movies since *The Great Train Robbery,* like good boys and good girls—*Ben-Hur* is your reward! It took a long time, but it's worth waiting for.

¶ *A tale of cowpunchers and settlers, Indians and everything.*

Tumbleweeds

¶ *An old cowboy comes home.*

PINTO is feelin' purty low these days, and I don't blame him. He has a nice, quiet pasture all to himself and everything a hoss can hope for. But his boss went back to work and left him behind. And Pinto, remembering those mad dashes over the plains with the posse in pursuit, the wild rides right into the camera's eye, and the fan letters, and the sugar, feels pretty sore. He didn't ask to retire; why, he was as good as any youngster, any day. It was wished on him—all for his own good, his boss said. Maybe it helped some, though, when Bill Hart, in introducing Pinto to his successor (a measly little hoss, if you ask Pinto), whispered in the old-timer's ear: "He'll never take your place, old boy."



¶ *Bill Hart in a typical Bill Hart Western.*

Tumbleweeds is Bill Hart's answer to the hundred and one new cowboys on the screen; to the whispers that an old-timer can never come back—and also to the pleas of all the small boys who have loved his pictures and always will, as long as Bill can turn them out.

Tumbleweeds is a typical Bill Hart western.

A lazy, drawling, rambling tale of cowpunchers and settlers, Indians and everything. It's been carefully directed by King Baggot and accurately acted, mostly by Bill and his new horse. And it will tickle the Hart fans, who have never really fallen for the new-fangled dudes masquerading as westerns, plumb loco.

Barbara Bedford is the girl—you know there's only one in any Hart drama. She is as delicious as a little old tintype! Her general behavior only strengthens my conviction that Barbara is a gal who should be done right by by Bill and the rest of the movie world — in the way of fat parts and good contracts. She has a unique appeal.

And, Bill — please don't forget to give good old Pinto his sugar!

¶ *It takes a good sport to kid himself.*

Womanhandled

¶ *Just Kidding.*

IT takes a good sport to kid himself. Dick Dix does something like that in *Womanhandled*. Having helped to glorify the great west as *The Vanishing American*, he turns right around and kids the chaps off of it.

Womanhandled is a burlesque by Paramount of plenty of Famous Players pictures.

The company has produced all sorts of epics of the outdoors by Zane Grey and other Ziegfelds of the open spaces; and now it assigns one of its best bets, Richard Dix, to the job of demonstrating that there aren't any more cowboys in the west any more — they've all gone into the movies. Won't that make Jack Holt feel funny?

When Dix starts for the ranch to become the he-man Esther Ralston wants him to be, he discovers there isn't a single horse for a kingdom or anything.



¶ *Dick Dix as a real he-man cowboy.*

The cowboys round up the cattle in flivvers; and the only blackfeet in the outfit belong to old southern servitors. Then the fun begins and lasts for quite a while. Richard attempts to show the visiting heroine that the wild and woolly west is all wool and more than a yard wide. He stages an old-fashioned wild-west show for her benefit—that is, he tries to; it isn't his fault if the cowboys can't stand shooting and the cattle stampede from fright at being pursued by four-footed steeds instead of tin ones.

Gregory La Cava directed those hilarious racing scenes in *The Lucky Devil* so well he was promoted from assistant director to real director—quite a step up; ask any assistant. The star is agreeably woman-handled by Esther who always seems a fairy godmother no matter what part she plays. She and Richard are a great team, east or west.

A Woman *of the World*

¶ *Oh, Lady, Lady!*



¶ *Pola, as the Iowa Countess, greets Holmes Herbert as Granger.*

THE sound of shattered glass can still be heard, and fists are flying. The fight is still on over "*A Woman of the World*," and I might as well mix in. After all, a broken nose is no novelty. You either like the thing or you don't. Carl Van Vechten's followers are beating their breasts and rolling around with their teeth clenched in each other's throats. So far, Mr. Van Vechten hasn't been heard from; he should worry. He sold the screen right of "*The Tattooed Countess*" and he still has the story practically intact. As far as I'm concerned, I'm in favor of the whole thing. Mal St. Clair has taken every liberty he could with the story and with the star and then added a few of his very own. It's all in fun, especially Chester Conklin. If you can imagine anything more amazingly incongruous than Pola and Chester arm in arm, go ahead; you win. They say Pola nearly passed away laughing at Chester's antics. Put it there, Pola. As a Countess in Iowa, Pola gives a little insight into her possible impressions as a Countess in California. I'll bet there was the same amused twinkle in her eyes—when they weren't flashing fire. This little woman who came out of nowhere into the here has my vote. Pola seemed to shake off her shackles and emerge looking, and acting, as much like the Pola of "*Passion*" as possible. You get a glimmer now and then of the heady fascination which prostrated you at her Polish feet when she first appeared. As "*A Woman of the World*" she is, once more, dangerously seductive. It doesn't matter if the tale of her amours is trite. Even at the outlandish goings-on at the finish, you'll have to admit that the Lady from Poland never looked so gorgeous; and didn't you love that close-up of her laughing fit to kill when Conklin was wriggling his tattoo?

¶ *Don't ask me how, but it's splendid entertainment.*

The SPLENDID ROAD

¶ *Fooled you that time!*



¶ *Marceline Day exercising her charm as a promising young starlet upon Robert Frazer.*

THE last thing I wanted to see was another one of those epics of the days of forty-nine. Another long-bearded prospector and I would begin picking at the coverlet, positively. Darn Frank Lloyd; he's always taking me in.

The Splendid Road came along, and it's fooled me. He has done a good job, making a lot of those whiskered mining men and dancehall kings and homeless babies more human than usual, which is pretty human.

The Splendid Road is real entertainment. Don't ask me how, but it is. I can't imagine anyone steeling his heart to the combined blandishments of Anna Nilsson as a dauntless Lady d'Artagnan; Lionel Barrymore as the king of the camp; Pauline Garon as one impudent baby and an even younger and unprogrammed lady as another; George Bancroft as a worthless, bullying, boisterous bum —he's wonderful!—and a very fat and intelligent pig. Of course, there's scenery, too.

And a flood. Ask for more if you want to, but don't expect to get it. There isn't any more.

Anna Q., who is even more enticing in the plus-fours of the period than in her usual costumes, walks into the den of sin with the aforementioned younger baby carelessly under her arm. There are babies and babies — ask anybody — especially in the movies; but this one should be starred. This baby peers up from under her arm and grins at the gamblers and thumbs her nose at the prospectors.

Nice baby! Then a great many confusing things happen during which Anna and Bob Frazer misunderstand each other and pretty Marceline Day, sister of Sennett's Alice, looms large, in her dainty way, as a promising starlet; and Pauline and Lionel perish together, and George Bancroft floats away in the flood with a bottle under one arm and a pig under the other. You'll like something about *The Splendid Road*. You're bound to.

¶ It's a dandy picture!

HIS *Secretary*

It seems there was a business man who had a good-looking stenographer and his wife came into the office one day without knocking. So he got him a homely stenographer. You know that one. Well, that's the plot of "*His Secretary,*" and will you believe it, it's a dandy picture. If you don't believe me—and who can blame you? I've fooled you before—ask the theatre which played it for two weeks in New York at holiday time; better still, see it yourself. You'll thank me.

It has Norma Shearer, and any picture which can claim her is as good as good. It's been all of a year since I met Norma and she has been starred and salaried since, some; so I was afraid, I was afraid. Now, seeing her—His Secretary, my mind is at rest. Norma has her feet on the ground and on the necks of a lot of people. She has withstood stardom and she is still willing to let a make-up artist make a monkey of her. She actually plays the homely stenographer on whom the jealous wife beams and of whom hero Lew Cody says: "I wouldn't kiss that face for a thousand dollars." He could have said million and still have been truthful. For when I say homely, I mean the homeliest stenographer you ever saw on stage, screen, comic strip or even real life. Gosh, how homely she is! You know your onions, so I need not remark that a marcel and a new dress eventually work wonders with this secretary, who emerges with a new set of manners and a skin he loves to touch and can't help kissing—in fact, she makes him pay a thousand for the privilege before he's through—and then some more.

If you are snooty about this sort of thing, snuggle your chin into your collar and do your smiling there. But if you glance around you'll see that your neighbors are coming out into the open with their approval and you can do likewise. Especially when two such troupers as Norma and Karl Dane (of *The Big Parade*) get together.

¶ What would YOU do if you had a million dollars?

Joanna

¶ Dorothy Mackaill spends it.

What would you do if you had a million dollars? A-ha—I thought that would get you! Who hasn't pondered solemnly over the fascinating question at some time or other, though he knows perfectly well that the untimely end of an obscure cousin or a great-aunt would present the happy heir with nothing more interesting than a horse-hair sofa or, at the most, a what-not?

In "*Joanna,*" somebody really gets a million dollars. Since the lucky, lucky girl is Dorothy Mackaill you can't hold it against her; you may even have some fun helping her spend it. Does she? She spends so freely that at the end of a few months she is practically penniless and in a police station with little more than a chemise to her back. But that's the fault of the smart Long Island set into which she was thrown. They're not so original, at that; the best they can do for Joanna is one of those moonlight bathing parties. And as long as there are radios all is not lost. Jack Mulhall is announced, makes a speech about happy homes, and eventually catches up and makes up with Joanna. Dorothy Mackaill plays the part in her usual thoroughbred style, never letting you guess that she is snickering at her part all the time. It isn't fair to put an actress like her in a part like that—it isn't fair to the audience. She makes you believe in her.

¶ A capital burlesque—but everyone would enjoy seeing a little more of those wives.

Bluebeard's *Seven Wives*

Everybody would have enjoyed seeing a little more of those wives. No matter what else you may think of the picture, it narrows down to that sooner or later. They are played by famous beauties, hand-picked from the revues; yet there is only a fleeting glimpse of them. And Bob Kane, the producer, has been picked on ever since for being so selfish. "*Bluebeard's Seven Wives*" spends some time poking fun at the movies and then turns into a movie before our very eyes. It's a merry hodge-podge of satire and sentiment and Shakespeare. After a lot of good-natured nonsense in which there is a capital burlesque of a Certain Great Director—no, not his name; but if you look sharp you'll recognize the producer of spectacular boudoir drama—the picture indulges in a long scene from "*Romeo and Juliet,*" played very seriously by those earnest young thespians, Ben Lyon and Blanche Sweet. You feel a little let down—as if someone woke you just as you were going to get the million; and it's hard to pick yourself up again to follow with any interest the flight of the hand-made movie sheik in his escape from the fictitious wives his press-agent married him to. Will Shakespeare himself would have advised cutting down on "*Romeo and Juliet*" to give the wives a chance.

¶ *Aileen Pringle and Edmund Lowe play tag.*

Soul Mates

¶ *Sex with a Smirk.*



¶ *Aileen Pringle and Edmund Lowe develop a sex antagonism.*

WHAT do you think? No — you'll never guess; I'll have to tell you. Here's an Elinor Glyn picture and it's all about Sex. Her latest gift to the world is called "*Soul Mates*" and was adapted from "*The Reason Why.*" Aileen Pringle marries Edmund Lowe and the rest of the picture they play tag. The aristocratic Aileen does her best to answer Madame Glyn's somewhat personal question, but she hasn't a chance in the world. Miss Pringle is far too honest and straightforward an actress to appear in a sex smirk like "*Soul Mates.*"

Wait a minute; the titles are worth the price of admission. One sample will sell you the line. "You're a perfect cad," she says. "Perfect?" says he. "No one is perfect." "Don't you love that?

¶ *If you don't keep a close grip on yourself, you'll find yourself crying, too.*

Infatuation



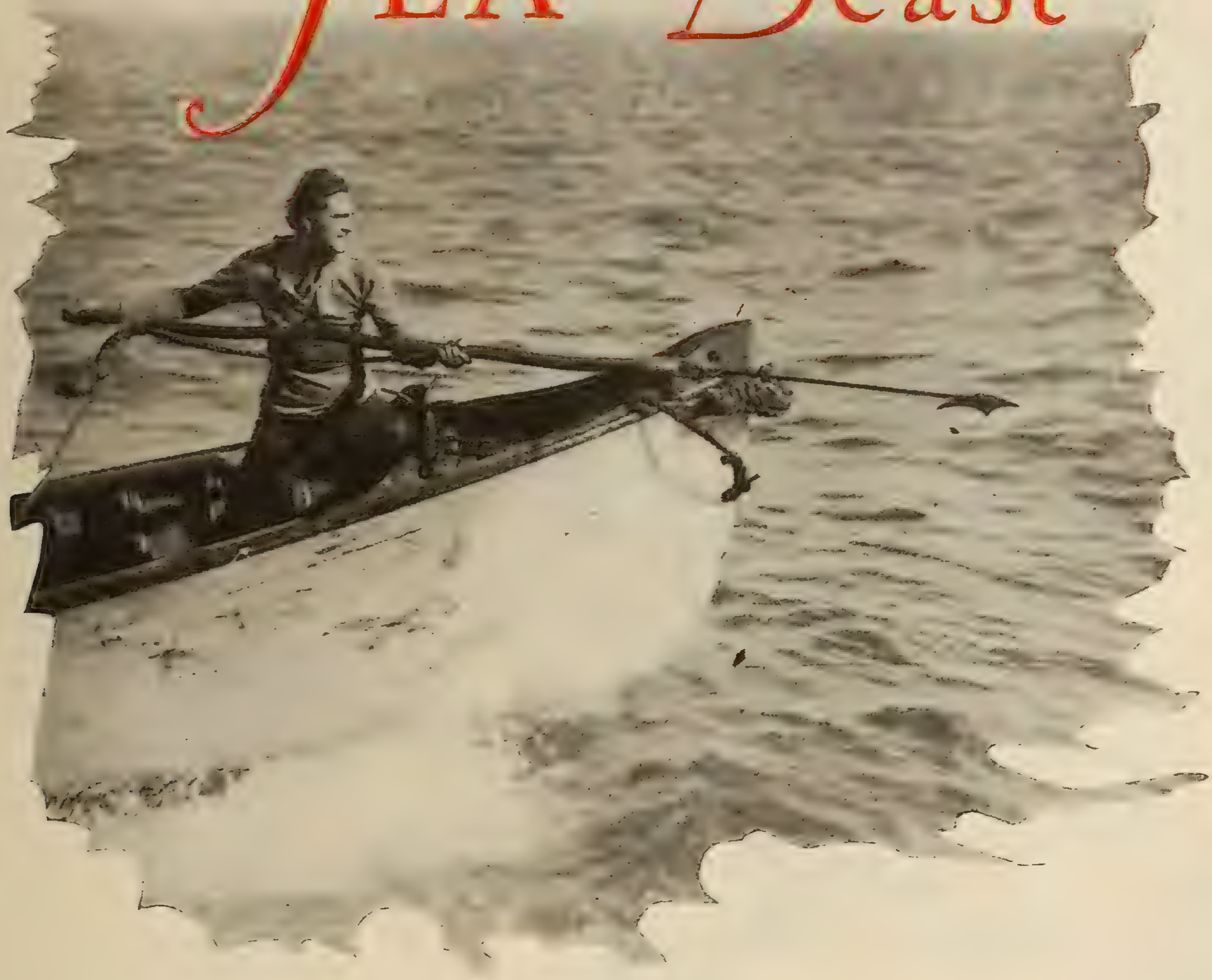
¶ *Corinne Griffith and Percy Marmont in "Infatuation" — Don't they look it?*

¶ *A Real, Good Cry.*

INFATUATION is a terribly sad picture, so if you like them that way, go to it. Corinne Griffith is pretty low all the way through and cries and cries. That clever little cameraman catches her at it, and the result is a series of the sweetest crying close-ups you, or your uncle, ever did see. But if you don't keep a close grip on yourself you'll find yourself sobbing, too, especially if you should recall "*Classified,*" in which the same Miss Griffith appeared without shedding a single tear. Corinne can cry more becomingly than any girl I ever saw, so if she's crying for another "*Classified*" maybe it's all right.

¶ If it leaves you dry-eyed, you're a bigger brute than I thought.

THE SEA BEAST



¶ Here's the youngest and most beautiful of the Barrymores, fated to lose a leg in a hand-to-fin encounter with the world's largest whale.

MAYBE if this young lad keeps on, he'll get somewhere. Yes, it looks as if John is going to be a real motion-picture star some day. After *The Sea Beast,* his fans will probably address him as Jack, and I'll bet he likes it.

It isn't often that the greatest Hamlet of his day gets a chance to act before a camera; when the opportunity does come, he seems as pleased as a small boy with a new pair of skates. John, youngest and most beautiful of Barrymores, has made several interesting and intelligent pictures, among them *Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde* and *Beau Brummel.* It may have been the more or less snippy reception you bad boys and girls gave to the latter which induced the brothers Warner to entrust their expensive star to the sea and a big white whale. Anyway, here's Jack—I mean John—in *The Sea Beast,* a version of Melville's hearty classic, *Moby Dick.* Instead of the suave Beau, you have a hard-boiled harpooner who loses a leg in a hand-to-fin encounter with the world's largest whale. (One of the famous Barrymore legs, you know.) You have the leading young man of the American stage transformed into a movie trouper. He makes almost as many faces for you as Lon Chaney. You're sure to like the change. *The Sea Beast* recalls his film debut—oh, you youngsters won't remember (if you do, don't admit it.) John used to make low-brow comedies for Famous. He was downright rough. *The Sea Beast* brings out the bad in him.

Through the villainies of half-brother George O'Hara, ex-pace-maker with Alberta Vaughn, Barrymore is robbed of not only an underpinning, but a beautiful sweetheart and his faith in life. His revenge is realized in the open sea and enlivened by a first-rate typhoon. Barrymore gets all wet and seems to enjoy it. His return to New Bedford, a broken man, and his reunion with his faithful Esther form the finish. If it leaves you dry-eyed you're a bigger brute than I thought. And if you don't get a real kick when the Sea Beast's ship ploughs through the waves on the watery trail of Moby Dick you should be ashamed of yourself. Maurice Costello isn't the only one who will like Dolores Costello as Barrymore's leading lady. This Barrymore himself will make good—see if he doesn't.

Bill Colling's Reviews



¶ *Rod La Rocque plays the Indian football hero in "Braveheart."*

¶ *Our critic seeks the answer to the riddle of the movies.*

"And that," my friend concluded with stunning emphasis, "is the reason I seldom go to the movies."

"What is?" I asked. He had been holding forth for half an hour on the subject, but it saves energy to let people rave and then get them to sum it all up in one sentence. He did.

"Why, you numbskull," he howled, "because they aren't true to life; because they distort and exaggerate everything from birth to death and from sentiment to villainy. Bah!"

When he says "Bah!" that way, I know he is considerably riled up, so I let him stew. But his tirade against my bread and butter stuck in my mind during the next week or two, and I found myself watching for "life" in the films that silently flitted across the screens of the silent projection-rooms.



¶ *As the wayward girl, (Blanche Sweet) is saved for a better life and marriage to Rod (Robert Frazer) in* "Why Women Love."

There was, for instance, "*The Gilded Butterfly*," in which Alma Rubens is the daughter of Frank Keenan, a man who has always lived by his wits and who teaches his daughter that bluff and "front" will wrest from the world the living it owes them. When he dies, she carries on in his teachings, getting deeper and deeper into the clutches of a designing villain who is biding the well-known time — so deep, in fact, that when the young American officer meets her in Switzerland and they find they love each other, she can't get out of the dilemma but has to appear to him a cheat and a thief. As she is being dragged to the hoosegow there is a frightful automobile smash-up, and the big-hearted detective, in his dying moments, gives her another chance. She takes it, confesses everything to the young man, and the villain, seeing the course of true love, decides that villainy had better take the usual Saturday half-holiday.

True to life? Well, I know my friend wouldn't think it was. No, sir; nobody could get away with what that father did all his life, gyping people, owing money everywhere, living like a king on nothing except what he won at card-sharping; a grossly over-

drawn characterization. And yet — such are the coincidences of life, and I myself at one time knew intimately just such a man, a bluffing, smooth-talking crook who could have played the part without changing his make-up. And as for the daughter and her way of living, her difficulties and the love which she felt she had to renounce — why, you rub elbows with such girls in every hotel and night club in New York. I've known two of them for years, and believe me, they're no different from you, gentle reader, except that their fate lines got all snarled up in their youth. It's just life, that's all.

Of course, things don't always work out in life as they are made to in the movies. If the films recorded life just as it is, everybody would join my friend in leaving them severely alone, for they would be as boring as he is when he's airing his theories. The life of the average person is dramatic only to himself. The movies (and novels and plays) therefore must inject artificial drama, but drama which *might* happen to anyone. This very often leads to what is known as coincidence, a factor in dramatic construction which is all too often overworked. But just because it is sometimes implausible doesn't mean, as some folks seem to think, that it has no place in a picture of life.

In "*The Gilded Butterfly,*" the girl is on her way to the villain to "pay" when the train runs into an avalanche and she is helped out of the wreckage by the American officer. Quite true, she might have been introduced to him prosaically by a maiden aunt. But the train wreck provides a much more dramatic setting and gives emphasis to the meeting. It saves the girl from the step she was about to take, and makes you look forward to some important consequences as a result of it. It is good dramatic construction — and it does happen in real life. I was in a bad wreck out west some years ago. I helped pull a young fellow out and laid him on the embankment. A little later I found that other rescuers had done the same for a girl whom I knew to be the talk of one of the western cities. Neither was badly hurt, and they talked to each other as they lay there. Two weeks later they were married, and she has been one of the finest little wives you'd ever want to meet. If it hadn't been for the wreck and their meeting, who knows where she would be today?

Of course, all films aren't as true to life as is "*The Gilded Butterfly.*" There is, for instance, "*Why Women Love,*" which has to do with the troubles of a female lighthouse-keeper in guiding her benefactor's daughter along the straight and narrow. The daughter is one of the kind who can find opportunities for fast-stepping even on a lonesome seacoast, and when she makes the inevitable misstep, she blames it on a kind-hearted innocent who doesn't seem even to know what she means. When he naturally refuses to marry her, the aforementioned female lighthouse keeper plugs him with a gat, only to discover that a certain tough egg is really "the man." But he has just been married, though not to the wayward one, and she, thoroughly disillusioned, traps him in the tower, turns on the gas and blows up the place, being saved, however, to lead a better life.



¶ *A train wreck provides the dramatic introduction of Alma Rubens and Bert Lytell in* "The Gilded Butterfly."

Here is drama gone blooey, and my friend certainly could make a good case against the movies with this one as the horrible example. The homeless girl, befriended by the old lighthouse-keeper, who wants to repay him after his death by guarding his young daughter, is a true-to-life type. And it is understandable for the younger girl to get into trouble. But the subsequent events are fiction, pure and simple—mostly simple. There is no government record, so far as I am aware, of a lighthouse being blown into smithereens that a girl's honor might be avenged.

Comedies, of course, don't come under the head of "life" to any great extent, especially large comedies. This is too bad sometimes, as in the case of a film based on the experiences of the first year of married life, for if ever there was a period when "life is real, life is earnest," it is when two human beings are adjusting their lives to fit each other. Of course, it is comic to a degree to outsiders, and some of the trials and tribulations of newlyweds formed the basis of

(*Continued on page 92*)

The SOCIAL LIFE of the

¶ Days are getting livelier for Patsy the Party-hound, and the nights—you wouldn't believe it!



"ANOTHER tea?" demanded Patsy the Party Hound.

"My soul! How these stars do manage to make two and even three teas grow where only one grew before! And isn't the fortune-telling fascinating? But how on earth am I to keep my nerves, not to mention my complexion, what with all this tea and fortune-telling!"

Patsy and I were at Ona Brown's — Mrs. Clarence Brown, you know. We had just come from a tea where Diana Kane, Lois Wilson's lovely sister, was guest of honor, and when we had filled up on the demon tea at Ona's, we were passing on to Leatrice Joy's, where another tea was in progress.



¶ Gertrude Olmstead can always be found wherever the crowd is the merriest.

Everywhere were fortune-tellers. That is, each tea-party boasted a fortune-teller. She always sat off mysteriously in a room by herself, so that you got a funny little thrill when you went in.

"Heavens!" cried Constance Talmadge. "One fortune-teller this afternoon told me I was too good to my family, and another one told me I wasn't good to them at all. What am I to believe?"

"You mean, What are we to believe?" retorted Vilma Banky. "I should just suggest you add them up and strike an average. That's about the way we all are to our families, anyway."

Virginia Valli and Carmelita Geraghty came forth quite awe-stricken from Ona's fortune-teller. Virginia declared that of course the fortune-teller meant that nice man in New York when she spoke of the man with the Rolls-Royce. That is all we found out, though, about him. We rather suspect Carmelita of an European romance, but the fortune teller only "got" the American one. She really did tell Carmelita a lot about herself and John Considine, to whom Carmelita was supposed to be engaged a while ago.

Just about all the babies in the film colony had been brought to Gloria Fonda's tea, which was the first one we visited. It was really given, this tea, in honor of Lois Wilson's lovely sister, Diana Kane. Diana and Lois both are very fond of children, and all the little ones received a lot of petting. There were little Peter Niblo, Conrad Nagle's little girl, Earle Williams' baby, and the Carey Wilson child. And Leatrice Joy dashed over for a minute, bringing little Leatrice, but had to dash right home again to see about her own tea party which was to come later.



¶ Dainty Claire Windsor mastered the Charleston and is besieged by anxious learners — Conrad Nagel is among the lucky ones.

How clever those children are! Imitations of their famous elders are the best little thing they do. You should just see the little Wilson girl give an imitation of Mae Murray! I understand that Mae herself loves it.

And little Leatrice Joy, only a year old, does a bit like her father, Jack Gilbert, and another imitation of her mother that are screams. When you ask her what she thinks of her papa's and her mama's act, she holds her nose! We suspect Jack of having taught her that.

"Jack just worships that child and comes to see her all the time," confided Patsy; "but all the same I don't think that he and Leatrice will ever make up. The breach is of too long standing. But they went together

Screen Folks in Hollywood

By Grace Kingsley



¶ *It takes "pull" in Hollywood, as this beach party proved.*



¶ *The acknowledged expert Charleston dancers of Hollywood. Joan Crawford and Douglas Gilmore have the advantage of having learned it for the stage.*

in New York all the time, and Leatrice says that they enjoyed each other's society immensely."

"Fancy jewelry seems to be going out," commented Mary Ford, Jack Ford's wife, as she glanced at Constance Talmadge's odd new necklace — if you would call the ornament that. The neck ornament is a very narrow, stiff, circular band of gold — or rather, two circular stiff bands — and somehow they are put on so as to stand out from the neck. They are the very smartest new thing in the way of neck-wear in New York, I understand.

Norma Talmadge is letting her hair grow into a long bob for "*Kiki*," and has it permanently waved. It is really a very cute bob, though Norma herself doesn't like it at all.

"I'll just bet that all of us who don't look positively awful in that style of bob will be wearing it after '*Kiki*' comes out," declared Patsy.

Over at Leatrice's tea, we met Mildred Harris with her lovely blond hair all dyed midnight black. She looks very pretty that way, though.

"But just to think how awfully hard we all strive to keep our hair light," cried Mildred Davis, "and then Mildred Harris, who has hair of a perfect golden shade, goes and ruins it with dye!"

That gloriously beautiful Dolores del Rio was with us, and Virginia Valli asked her whether she had met her countryman, Ramon Novarro, yet.

"No," said Mrs. Del Rio. "I have asked him to one or two of my parties, but he has been working very hard and didn't come. I guess I never shall meet him



¶ *No party is complete without dashing Priscilla Dean. Here she is in costume, entertaining her friends.*

now. Why, do you know, we don't even go to the same church, though both of us are Catholics; so I don't suppose I shall ever even catch a glimpse of him saying his prayers."

Leatrice Joy had provided a colored jazz band with two cute little pickaninnies to dance for us. She also has a colored maid, and this maid asked us quaintly when we came in whether we "would like to rest our hats!"

There was a Charleston contest, with Patsy Ruth Miller and Grace Gordon finally the only contestants. They drew straws and Patsy Ruth won. (*Continued on page* 92)

The Chic Louise Brooks



Louise Brooks in a frock that combines demureness and daring.

WHEN "*The American Venus*" was made, Frank Tuttle, the director, combed the smart fashion-centers of Paris for the newest, snappiest, most up-to-the-minute, day-after-tomorrow modes, with the result that many a bill-paying husband will probably heap maledictions on his head when Friend Wife comes home from the neighboring theater clamoring for a wardrobe such as the picture exhibits.

Although "*The American Venus*" required bathing-suits for a great number of its scenes, Mr. Tuttle made the most of his few opportunities for presenting his cast clothed in the most advanced fashions for ballroom or street.

Ideal for afternoon or street or shopping, is this darling little model so piquantly worn in one of the scenes by petite Louise Brooks, and here exhibited by her to SCREENLAND readers. It is a dress easily adaptable to any type of wearer or almost any material.

As shown here it is made of Lavin crêpe Roma, with corded hemline and V-shaped yoke and cuffs of ecru lace and organdy — and, after all, it isn't quite as demure and Quakerish as it might seem at first glance, with that saucy, fashionable, gracefully flaring little skirt.

does not include the two chorus cuties we used occasionally to dance with last year, after show hours. But that is for Doctor Freud to decide, and, besides, that is none of your business.

Searching around, then, for a reason to give our public, it occurs to us that the answer to why "*Charlot's of* 1926" is not as good as the first "*Charlot's*" is simply that it has not as good material. It is, in brief, not as funny.

Broadway has a good answer as to why it isn't as funny. Last year's show, says Broadway, was the product of Charlot's best stuff for ten years. And it is obvious that the cream of one year's work has not the amount of nourishment that the cream of ten years work has.

So it's a reducing diet that Charlot offers you. And yet you will not starve to death. For, by popular demand, the Lillie of the field again offers "March with Me!" The Lawrence person lends her exquisite charm to a sketch called "The Tragedy of Jones" and to "Carrie," a song by Noel Coward. Buchanan, that rare combination of Jack Donahue and Jack Barrymore, sings, dances and clowns with equal gusto and equal impartiality. "Fate," a melodrama, will make you roar with delight, and you will probably receive with cheers the Buchanan-Lawrence duet in that finest of modern love songs, "A Cup of Coffee, a Sandwich and You," by the invincible Billy Rose.

"MERCHANTS OF GLORY"

WELL, the "*Garrick Gaieties*" has closed, so we are no longer a paid agent of the Theater Guild. In spite of which, the temptation is on us to call the Guild's latest production, "*Merchants of Glory,*" a simply elegant show.

Consider it called that. It has to do with the glories, if any, of war. It tells a fine and satirical story of a middle-class Frenchman who rose to great office in his republic by capitalizing the heroic death of his son. And then the son comes back. The Minister, in perhaps the finest performance Augustin Duncan has ever given, realizes that his laurels are at stake. He must do something. He does. He does not recognize his son and goes forth to deliver again his famous address on "Our Heroic Dead" and is again overcome when he refers to his own son, who died for France.

A great and bitter story, this, leavened by humor that is no less grim because it is deft. Those old Guild favorites, Helen Westley and Lee Baker, are in the cast, as is a returned prodigal, Jose Ruben, Philip Moeller directed and did a good job, too. But out of it all there emerges the marvelous portrait that Duncan paints.



¶ *Laura Lee, who is appearing in Earl Carroll's "Vanities."*



¶ *What could be more appropriate when thinking up monkey business than to consult the monkeys themselves? That was what Wallace Beery, Director Edward Sutherland and Raymond Hatton did during the making of "Behind the Front."*

Gossip from Hollywood

By H. B. Kay

DEAR FAN:

They are picking the 1926 crop of everythig in Hollywood. In contradistinction and contradiction to the usual agricultural methods, things are picked before they are planted out here. Hence the Thirty-Three Wise Men of Hollywood have donned their crêpé whiskers and other garbage of dignity and gone into seclusion. Soon from their seclusion the low-down dope on what-is and what-is-to-be will be burgeoned forth to a palpitant and perspiring public.

Long since, we have disagreed with all of those false prophets who have picked the Ten Best Pictures of 1925. There were more than ten.

Long since we have caviled at the selection of the Ten Best Performances of 1925. There were more than ten.

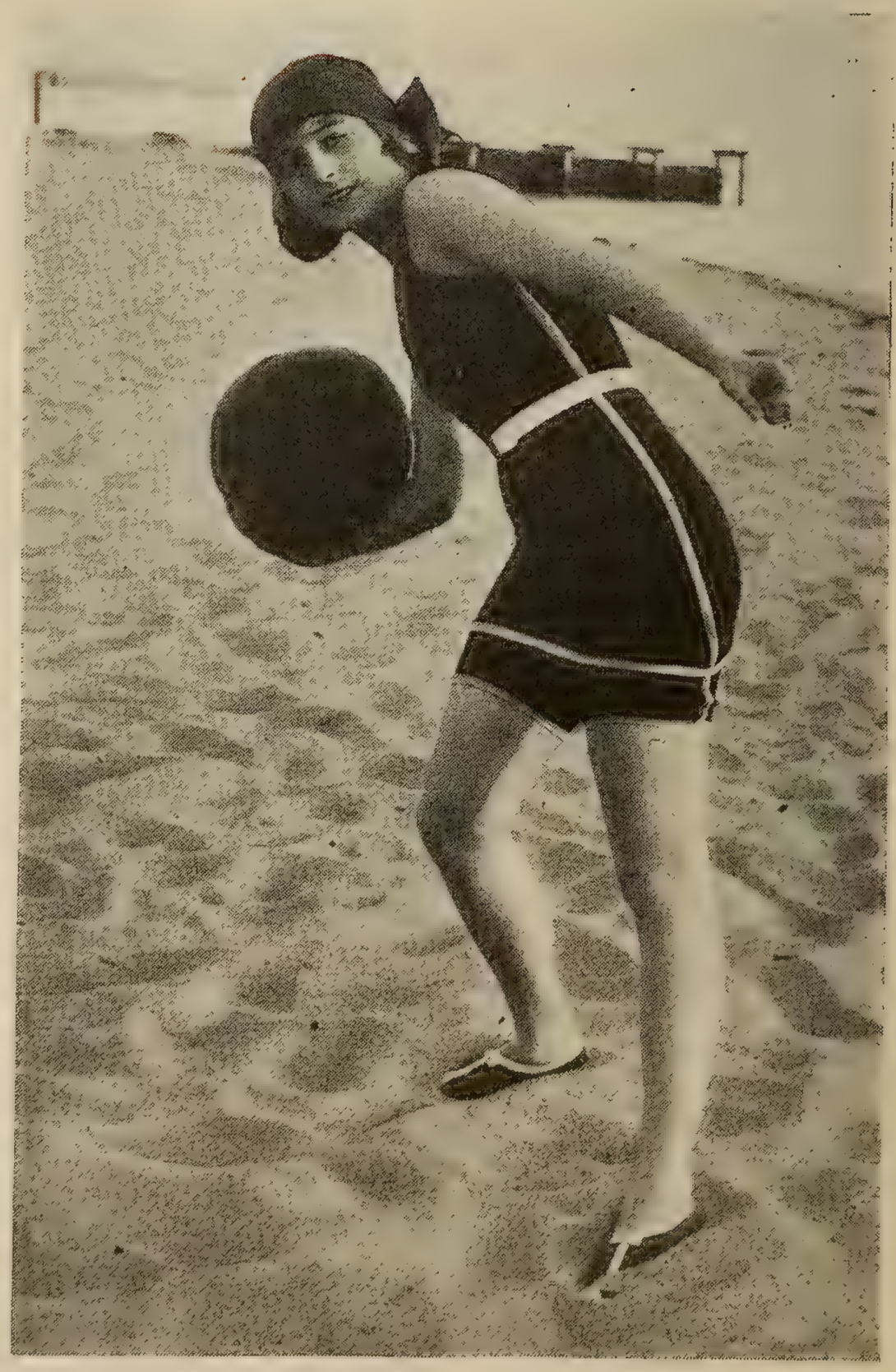
Long since we have thrilled at the Ten Best Romances of 1925. There were more than ten.

Long since we have shuddered at the Ten Best Scandals of 1925 and thanked Will Hays for the fact that there really wasn't any.

But who cares for such this-and-that clacking, the Ten Best This and Ten Best That applesauce? I have sterner stuff to offer. I wish to spread before you the fact that the real big men in pictures are not the big stuffed shirts from the world of coats and pants that we have been led to believe they are.

For many moons I have regarded Jesse Lasky of Famous Players-Lasky and Paramount Pictures fame, as being nothing but a big collar-and-cuff man from Troy, New York, as being only a man whose sole interest in motion pictures was sixty per cent of the gross receipts or else.

Imagine my chagrin at finding out that he, who is at least fifty per cent responsible for placing a collar of celluloid around the world, is just like any other boss, even as you not I.



¶ *Vilma Banky, Samuel Goldwyn's European discovery, is an athlete. She can always be found at the Beach Club during her idle minutes.*

I attended the twelfth birthday dinner of the Famous Players-Lasky company the other day. The feast was spread in the old barn which housed the outfit before it ever had a Zukor. As soon as the last and hungriest scribe had quieted down from her last and noisiest morsel, Jesse L. stood up on his two hind legs and reminisced a bit.

It seems that twelve years ago Jesse Lasky and Cecil B. De Mille each had $5.000. William Farnum was supposed to have $5,000. But since he did not, he was supposed to take it out in acting. Lasky and De Mille put up the money and Farnum was to supply the talent. Each was to have a third of the profits.

Lasky was the business manager and De Mille, since he knew more than the other two about motion pictures, was the director. Farnum was the star. Thus, having a company, it was necessary to have a place to work. Flagstaff, Ariz., was picked for no reason at all. (If C. B. had not fallen asleep on the train and awakened in a lemon grove in Hollywood, this department would now be entitled "Filmy Facts from Flighty Flagstaff.")

The company started west, leaving Lasky in New York. He raised money on his new venture's prospects in Flagstaff and was raising more money on it when he received a wire from De Mille stating that the company had acquired a studio in Hollywood.

Right then the rush to Hollywood started, initiated, Lasky says, by Lasky himself. It is still going on.

Arriving in Hollywood, Lasky asked to be directed to the Lasky studio. Between straws none of the natives could inform him where it was; but Lasky persisted and finally found the barn in the lemon grove which now fronts on what is Vine street, Hollywood.

After the hilarious reunion and viewing the truck which the company had acquired while Lasky was *en route* from New York, Jesse L. was confronted with the first crisis in the history of his venture. Farnum refused to work for a third interest in the company, and demanded pay in real money, claiming it was unethical for a thespian to accept anything else for his services unless he was playing in stock. Thus Lasky and De Mille acquired fifty per cent. of the holdings of the concern.



¶ Doug Fairbanks as the swashbuckling Black Pirate. Avast ye lubbers, shiver the mainsheet, pipe all hands to plum duff or walk the plank!



¶ And Doug as the tender lover, with beautiful Billie Dove as the priceless treasure of the pirate bold.



¶ Julia Faye is one of the screen's best.

After many trials and tribulations that first picture, "*The Squaw Man,*" was finished and exhibited. The Lasky lot began to feel growing pains. And now, as Lasky says, the sun never sets on Paramount. Also, we might add, neither does the federal trade commission.

But I am wandering from the moral I am trying to point in showing how ten thousand dollars became a hundred million. This Lasky gentleman is the moral. He stood there before all that hard-boiled gang and dared to be human. He betrayed his fondness for his fellow-workers, and what is more, they betrayed their fondness for him. He even shed a tear, and the hard-boiled gang shed its insouciance, which is not anything to be laughed at.



Julia Faye made up for her part as a wicked lady in "The Volga Boatman."

he ban — keed you," she asserted. Wilson's still trying to find out what he unwittingly called her — but neither Borg nor Miss Garbo will tell.

* * *

It's quite the thing, nowadays, for film stars to have a "side-line" to their profession of acting.

Anne Cornwall's is selling Scotch! No, no! Petite Anne has not turned "lady bootlegger"! She is only marketing the numerous offspring of her pedigreed Scottish terrier, "Sinful Annie." So far she has sold puppies to Mae Busch, Allen and Lottie Pickford Forrest, and Matt Moore — and Mary Pickford was so taken with the little fellows that she would have purchased, too, if she were not going abroad soon.

Miss Cornwall has recently finished the leading feminine rôles in two big Universal special productions, "*The Flaming Frontier,*" and "*Under Western Skies.*"



Pauline Starke is one of the few actresses who go in for aqua-planing seriously. Here she is hitched on to her fast motorboat at Coronado Beach.

HENRIK SARTOV, Lillian Gish's cameraman, uses elaborate methods to obtain lighting effects. During the filming of "*La Bohême,*" John Gilbert watched him at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios as he ordered gauze after gauze thrown over the huge arc lights to obtain a delicate shading.

"Guess we'll have to call this picture 'Seventeen Silks'!" opined Gilbert.

* * *

CLAIRE WINDSOR, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer beauty, who idolizes her young son, Billy, says that the little fellow is developing an original sense of humor. The other day she was giving a tea, when Billy stalked into the room. His little pockets were bulging.

"What have you been doing?" she asked.

Billy looked over the assemblage. "I've got my pockets full of frogs!" he announced.

He had, too!

Consternation reigned until Billy was removed, and his pets banished from the Lytell residence.

* * *

M. K. WILSON, assistant director to Monta Bell, directing "*Ibanez Torrent*" at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, won't put any more faith in Swedish interpreters. He asked Sven Borg, language expert, for a polite Swedish phrase with which to accost Greta Garbo, the Swedish screen beauty playing opposite Ricardo Cortez in the picture.

Borg taught him a phrase that has to be sneezed rather than pronounced.

Wilson proudly repeated it to Miss Garbo. Her face darkened in wrath — then she realized what had happened, and smiled. "I theenk Mr. Borg



Evelyn Brent in a pensive mood. YOU'd be pensive too if you'd cracked as many safes as Evelyn has. She's the slickest crook in pictures.

BEBE DANIELS is taking music lessons, and from no other than John Philip Sousa. Of course, not really, but Bebe did show the noted bandmaster and composer that she knew how to play a toy cornet on his recent visit to the Paramount Hollywood studio. Sousa and his band not only saw Miss Daniels, who is the starring "Miss" of "*Miss Brewster's Millions*", but also visited with Pola Negri, Ernest Torrence, Jack Holt, Esther Ralston and Noah Beery.

* * *

HOLLYWOOD had one of the warmest holiday seasons in years, which may or may not account for the fact that Pola Negri and her company hunted out the snow fields of the High Sierras near Truckee, Cal. The company indulged in plenty of winter sports while shooting scenes for the star's latest vehicle, as yet untitled.

* * *

JUST one more appearance for Theodore Roberts on the screen in a wheel chair, for the predictions are that the grand old man of the cinema will soon be able to work almost as of old. As a preliminary he left on a short vaudeville tour of the Orpheum circuit playing his sketch "*The Man Higher Up*". His most recent screen appearance was with Betty Bronson and Ricardo Cortez, where he played the part of a crippled father.



¶ *Joan Crawford excels in everything: Charlestoning, acting, outdoor sports —and, needless to say, she won this race she's set for.*

* * *

Carmel Myers will play Countess Dessano in the screen version of "*Toto*", which John M. Stahl is directing for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Antonio D'Algy has also been cast for the same picture.



¶ *When you think the cameraman is riding the horse he really is sitting comfortably in a Packard. A scene from the Fox picture* "The Johnstown Flood." *The old-fashioned lady is Florence Gilbert.*

* * *

SAM SAX has contracted for the appearance of Peter the Great, the canine star, to appear exclusively in Gotham productions. The first will be "*The Sign of the Claw*", written expressly for the screen by L. A. Young and said to present a new angle on dog pictures, the entire action of the story taking place in a big city with the dog solving a mystery which had baffled the police.

* * *

BEBE DANIELS is recovering rapidly from a badly bumped head and a bruised body received when she fell from her bicycle during the filming of a picture.

Although she had a minor concussion of the brain, Bebe was able to resume her work before the camera within a week.

* * *

HENRY KING has left for New York to confer with Samuel Goldwyn about the filming of "*The Garden of Allah*". Norma Talmadge and Ronald Colman will head the cast. Arrangements to take the technical staff to Biskra, Africa, are under way.



¶ *Gossiping is not exclusively feminine — Noah Beery and his goat get all the dirt via the back fence, too.*

They Say

By MARION *of* HOLLYWOOD

TEN-THIRTY P. M., and just in from a Hollywood Boulevard promenade, where the only one left out in the brisk night air is a most fiery Mr. Moon. Not another soul stirring, and there he is, almost falling on poor old Hollywood. Most likely he has an idea that the stars down below here in Hollywood are brighter than his own neighbors in the sky. Anyway, we're all jogging along just as if the New Year hadn't begun, the new Post Office hadn't opened, and Sid Grauman and the Warner Brothers hadn't offered big doings at the laying of corner-stones for two brand-new billion-dollar theatres. NEW — that's us — starting 1926 with our heads held higher'n the dickens and our purpose clear and strong, even though our feet may strike a few nails in the walk!

* * *

AND, oh boy, what a Christmas for the house of Holt — 'way back in the cold old New England state of Maine, the entire family of them! Even Jack got away from studio work long enough to be a kid again on the ice and snow! And what do you think Tim told me — and it's honest-to-goodness, cross-your-heart stuff? Tim's a big fellow now, going on seven, and he and his Grandpa went right out in the woods and cut down a great, big, sixteen-foot Christmas tree all by themselves and left it in the room by the great open fireplace for Santy to trim. But Betty, who's only four, was glad to get back to sunny California, 'cause she's so little and couldn't stand the cold and ice and snow the way men like he and Gramp can — even though the wonders of her snowy, chilly trip — especially the "Cwistmus twee that Timmy cut" — have even "Peter Pan" and "Alice in Wonderland" beat all hollow. After all, even though East is East and West is West, when they meet they seem to hit it off together pretty well.



¶ *Three generations — Bebe Daniels, her mother and Grandmother Griffin. Bebe's mother is known to all the film folks as Phyllis and the best scout ever.*

* * *

TALKING about nice Christmases reminds me of what stopped to pick me up on my way to the Pickford-Fairbanks studio yesterday. I think I'm going to have to adopt Doug Fairbanks! Anyway, a great, long shiny thing stopped, and from its depths spoke up young Mr. Doug, Jr. "Want a lift?" says he. "Golly, Doug," says I, astounded, "where'd THIS come from?" "Remember what my Dad gave me last Christmas?" says he. "Well, we turned that in, and this is what we got for this Christmas." "Do ya like it?" gasps I. "All you've gotta do is ask the man who owns one," answers Doug, as we fairly sailed along Santa Monica Boulevard to his pop's studio. And say, it wouldn't be so bad having a pop like that, now would it?

* * *

FOR a few days I figured that about the smartest person in Hollywood was Gino Corrado, screen hero, heavy and beau brummel. But I find that Gino is second, not first. The other day Gino was very very late getting to the De Mille studio where he's playing in "C. B.'s" "*Volga Boatman,*" and as he was hurrying to make up moments

wrongfully spent getting those last few morning winks, the Los Angeles law, in the form of a speed cop, interfered. Friend Officer started admonishing, and at the same time, was making out a "ticket," but Gino, wildly gesticulating, announced in accents loud and joyous, "Don't stop me! Don't stop me! It's a boy! It's a boy! I have to go fast!" "Oh, well, if that's the case," replied Friend Officer, "go right along!" And so, for two solid days, I figured Gino about the smartest man in Hollywood. But I met him again. Solemnly he brought from his pocket a letter.

"Mr. Gino Corrado.

"Dear Sir: You can fool some of the policemen part of the time and some of the policemen all of the time, but remember this, young man, you can't fool all of us all of the time. And by the way, were you after being late for Mr. C. B.?

Good morning to you,

"THE COP."

And now what do you think of our Los Angeles police force?

* * *

SHE went and did it without even telling me — this wicked leading lady of the blond hair and blue eyes! You all know now whom I've been talking about for so many months — the young lady who left without telling me yea or nay. How many of you guessed that it was Esther Ralston? Or hadn't you even suspected? And now that you know, isn't it funny you didn't think of her all along? Yes, they're back from their honeymoon, and Esther is the smilingest, happiest bride in all the whole, wide world. Here's to you, Esther, with a car-load of luck and a shoe-full of chicks thrown in for good measure!



¶ *Leatrice and one of her chief "Joys" in life besides her baby.*



¶ *Two Great Danes — Carl and Bojo. Carl Dane won favor as "Slim" in* "The Big Parade."



¶ *Harold Lloyd making scenes for his first Paramount picture, tentatively called* "For Heavens' Sake."



¶ *Margaret Livingston stepped from nowhere right into the limelight. Fox is starring her in* "A Trip to Chinatown."

How are we going to take Rudolph in "*The Sons of the Sheik*"? Can he ever hope to repeat his success of "*The Sheik*," or is he taking a terrible, terrible chance? There's one thing pretty sure. We certainly can't go around saying, instead of "He's some Sheik," "My, but he's some Son of a Sheik!" Can we?

* * *

You have to be hotsy-totsy these days to tell 'em from one day to another in Hollywood. Wigs, of course, usually show, and you don't have to be such a Sherlock, but when one day they're blond and the next brunette, it's a wise director who knows his own players! If it stopped with us females, we might call it "feminine curiosity," but it's even spreading to the lesser (apologies) sex, too. All they have to do now to make the thing complete is to keep the color of their dogs and cars matching the color of their hair!

* * *

There were six of us having luncheon at the cafeteria. All were screen players but one, who was a newspaper woman. Luncheon over, cigarettes out, Victor Varconi starting lighting up. With two set, Victor just naturally put out the match and lighted a new one for the third — William Boyd's cigarette. It happened the same way all along the table. Then the newspaper woman spoke up:

"If I ever saw an actor who'd light three cigarettes from one match I think I'd grab him and preserve him for the sake of posterity!" she announced. Every one at the table laughed. Nope, not one of 'em would ever think of lighting three cigarettes from one match! Then laughingly up spoke a dark-haired youth — Russell Ritchie, all togged out as a Russian officer.

"Oh, if you think that's funny, listen to this one," he said. "When I started this picture (he meant "*The Volga Boatman*"), I was sharing my room with another fellow. The first morning of the first day's work, I walked into the place, sat down at my dressing-table, and started to whistle. Say, without a word that boy took down his make-up kit, packed up his things, and started toward the door. I couldn't imagine what had struck him and asked him his trouble. 'For the love of Mike,' he answered, 'you don't think for a minute I'd stay in this room, do you, after you sitting there whistling like that? Why, I'd never get another job this year if I did.' And golly, if he didn't mean it, too. He had another room given him, and I'd be willing to bet anyone that before he'd have stayed there with me, he'd have dressed on the stage."

* * *

Line forms to the right for Rod La Rocque's 1926 Christmas. Rod has started something! All day before Christmas, Rod was giving "presints," and with every present to the gentler sex, went a sound Christmas smack. Things



¶ *Yes, it is hard to guess, but that's how they look in the Balkans. Antonio Moreno has the lead opposite Marion Davies in* "Beverly of Graustark."



¶ *Farina — staunchest of Pathe's lively gang of kiddies — whose identity and sex is as vague as that of Zip at Coney Island.*

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DO THAT CHARLESTON, DINAH	Charleston Fox Trot	DOWN BEHIND THE HILL . .	Baritone Solo
REMEMBER	Tenor Solo	THAT CERTAIN PARTY . . .	Male Duet
CHARLESTON MAD	Charleston Fox Trot	WAIT TILL THE SUN SHINES AGAIN	Tenor Solo
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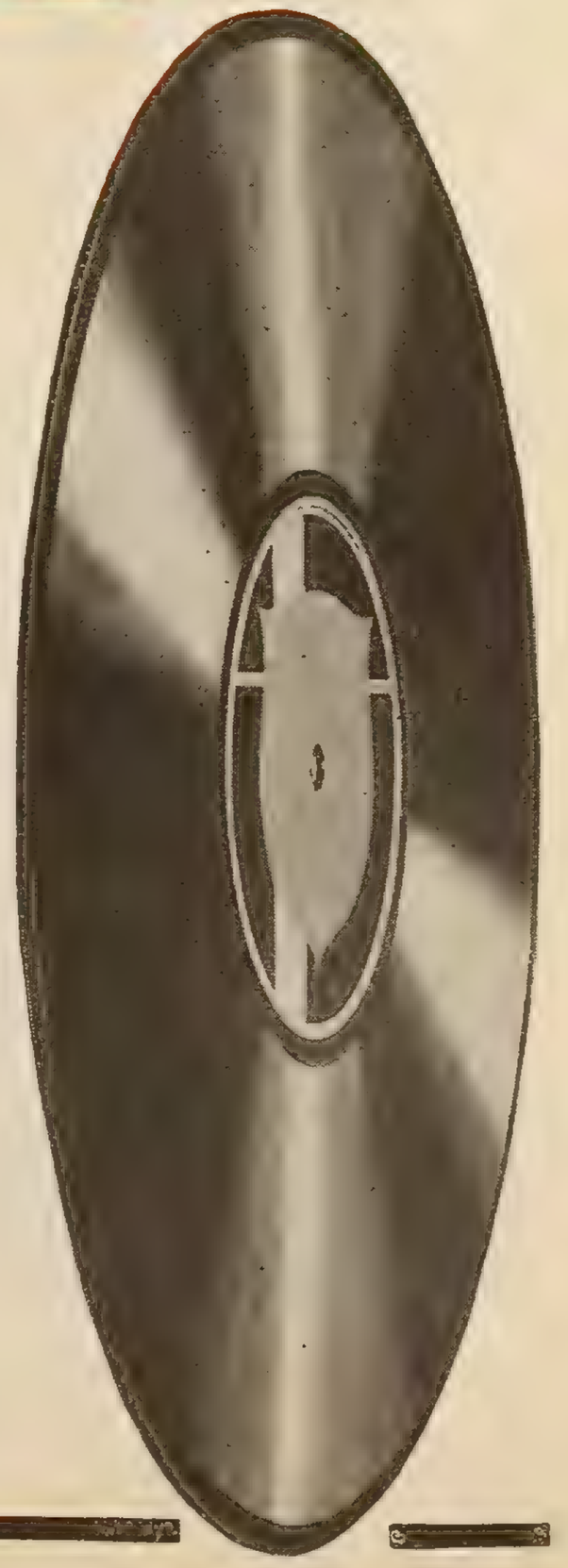
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went okay until a young lady from the Wardrobe Department came to Rod's party. First, the smack, and then, before Rod had a chance to hand out the gift, up spoke young America:

"Oh, Mr. La Rocque" — coyly and shyly — "d-d-d-d-do it again, and you won't have to give me any present," came the very, very low answer.

Rod, how could you!!

* * *

Two doughboys were invited to one of the most lavish and costly luncheons ever prepared by the most exclusive Hollywood caterers. The elite of Hollywood were present. Soft music played. Oriental rugs covered the floors and hung on the walls, and expensive flowers were everywhere around the room. In all that gorgeousness, the two silly doughboys, in the midst of the guests, pulled forth two tin lunch pails and started munching two lunches. Nonsense, pure nonsense, thought up by two lovable nonsense-makers, Raymond Hatton and Wallace Beery, just to make somebody laugh. And with Wallace leaving for the wild and woolly shores of Africa, what will poor Raymond do all alone in Hollywood?

* * *

MARY PICKFORD says that she's discovered the absolutely ideal way to reduce. Pack a good husky youngster on your back all day long, and presto, the deed is done. When first Mary started toting Mary Louise Miller on her back, the back almost broke, but now that her muscles have hardened, she finds Mary Louise, the curly-haired "*Scraps*" baby, a mere bag of feathers. And "America's Sweetheart" weighs less than a hundred pounds!

* * *

WISH I looked like one of the shining stars — or, at least, wish I looked enough like one of them so that clothes and make-up could do some more and get me a couple of weeks' work looking like whoever I could look like! If such were the case, I'd be traipsing along in the fashion parade of "*Miss Brewster's Million,*" wearing million-dollar clothes and feeling



One as lovely as Marion is considered enough for any family, but the Davies family can boast of at least two. Marion Davies and her sister Rosemary, who has just embarked upon a picture career of her own.

silky and rich! Anyway, most of the time those who do look like the stars can't get in their pictures, so that that just about evens it up all around!

* * *

ANNOUNCEMENT comes that Ford Sterling will be the big monkey-monk in a picture especially bought and written for him, and it brings back old memories. Remember a Mack Sennett comedy — oh, it must be very near six or seven years ago! — where Ford does a shimmy dance?



When the children go into the movies the school must go right along with them. Here is an open air class for kiddies who took part in one of the tremendous mob scenes for "Ben Hur."



M. J. McGOWAN
Chief Chemist

Scientist discovers *fat Solvent*

Now you can reduce any or every part of your figure with amazing new Reducing Cream which melts away excess fat —slenderizing the figure to perfect proportions without drugs, strenuous exercise, rubber suits or painful denial of any kind.

Milady! If you have a single ounce of unwelcome flesh on your figure—here's good news for you. Getting thin is now pleasurably simple and easy for anyone.

For I, M. J. McGowan, after five years of tireless research, have made the discovery you have all been waiting for. At last I can tell you how to reduce quickly, comfortably—without the bother of tiresome exercises, without the boredom of stupid diet, without resorting to enervating salt baths, without rubber suits or belts, or my advice isn't going to cost you one single penny.

My discovery I call Reducine—McGowan's Reducine. It is not a medicine, a bath salt or a course of useless gymnastics. No—Reducine is a pleasant Cream that you can apply in the privacy of your own room, patting it gently onto the parts you want to slenderize and promptly you will notice a change. A harmless chemical reaction takes place, during which the excess fat is literally dissolved away, leaving the figure slim and properly rounded, giving the lithe grace to the body every man and woman desires.

Complete 21-Day Treatment Results Guaranteed or Money Back

No matter how much or how little overweight you are, I guarantee that my Reducing Cream will reduce any, or every part of your body, quickly, surely. I do not merely *promise* these results—I guarantee them.

Even one jar of Reducine often effects astonishing weight reduction. But the complete treatment consists of three jars—used over a period of 21 days.

In prescribing three jars of the McGowan Reducine, I am prescribing a complete reducing treatment for *permanent reducing*. You will see results from the outset—but three jars will make these results complete.

A Fresh Jar Sent Every 7 Days 3 Jars in All

I do not send all three jars at once—for Reducine, to be more efficient, should be used when it is fresh. That is why I will not sell it in drug or department stores. Because of the perishable nature of its reducing ingredient, I insist that you get only the freshly compounded product—put out under my direct and personal supervision. You need not pay in advance—each jar is sent C. O. D.

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When you realize that many imitations of Reducine are now being sold at from $3.50 to $5 a jar, at retail, you will realize how astoundingly low is the price we ask. This price is made possible only by the fact that we supply you direct from the laboratory, cutting out the middleman's profit.

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I am not going to ask you to send one penny with your order. Just sign the coupon and mail it to me today. Your first one-pound jar of Reducine will go forward at once by return mail—and you can pay the postman $2.47 (plus few cents postage). 7 days later, the second jar will be sent C. O. D. $2.47 (plus postage), and 7 days later—the third jar—C. O. D. $2.47 (plus postage).

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Don't Blame Her

—she lived 40 years too soon!

By Ethel K. Bannister, *Graduate Nurse*

Many of woman's woes can be summed up in one word—IGNORANCE!

As the mother in Frank Wiedekind's great drama "Spring's Awakening" cried in anguish, "Had my mother only told me!" even so in this day many women are the victims of false prudery, unenlightenment and old-fashioned custom.

But the spirit of the age encourages frankness and revealment—and the prime causes of much of woman's discomforts, weaknesses and loss of beauty and happiness can now become her property.

Personal cleanliness and daintiness are as essential to preserve health, activity, happiness and charm as dental hygiene. For delicate internal membranes lie in folds, and within these folds germs and bacteria find easy lodgment. Hence methodical cleansing is necessary—from the buoyant days of girlhood to the twilight of life.

The Marvel Hygienic or Whirling Spray was designed by science to preserve internal cleanliness. And I know of no instrument that does it so well or so effectively. By its whirling spray action the membranes are *dilated* and *smoothed out* so that every crevice is flushed clean. Medication is thorough and complete. There is no danger of injury. And any reputable antiseptic or germicide can be used without harm to bulb or tube.

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The Girl Who Made the Mannequin—*Cont. from page 44*

relates Miss Costello. "Only six months ago, sister Helene and I were playing the large eastern cities with George White's 'Scandals.' I adore the stage, and Mr. White was lovely to us, and we hadn't a thought of making a change. In Chicago, when I came into the dark theater one night and went toward my dressing-room, I gathered up the usual pile of letters in my box, a few of them from friends and the rest the usual ads from beauty shops and fur stores who want theatrical patronage. There was also a brief note from the Warner Brothers of Hollywood asking me to go to a Chicago studio and have a test made. I flipped the note down on my dressing-table and asked the girls in the company how many of them had received similar notes. When I found that only a few including my sister Helene had been asked for tests, the note assumed a little more importance. Even then, I hadn't thought seriously of wasting a day at a studio for something I was sure would come to nothing. Mother took the summons more seriously and said I had better go and have one as it might eventually lead to something good. The test made me nervous and ill at ease. Tests for make-up and costumes and all the other necessary tests which the studios demand still affect me that way. I have never become accustomed to them. I guess some of this dislike crept into my face when my first one was made, and so when they looked at the strip of film in Hollywood they thought I'd make a great vampire."

With little experience in handling big rôles, Dolores Costello has in the past few months been cast in "*Bobbed Hair,*" a Warner picture starring Marie Prevost. She was then loaned to the Fox Company for a part opposite Edmund Lowe in "*Greater than a Crown.*" And next came one of the plums of the year. She was selected to play opposite John Barrymore in "*The Sea Beast.*" The other studios, always watching the progress of newly discovered material, began a bid for her services. The finest opportunity of them all came from Famous Players-Lasky for the title rôle in "*The Mannequin,*" the picturization of the Liberty Magazine prize story which awarded $50,000 to its winner, Fannie Hurst. James Cruze, director of "*The Covered Wagon*" and other noteworthy features, was scheduled to direct "*The Mannequin,*" destined to be one of the most talked of pictures of the year. To be asked to enact the title rôle in such a feature was quite as important an honor as to be cast opposite John Barrymore in "*The Sea Beast.*" For one actress to be awarded two such important rôles is a miracle which doesn't happen in Hollywood every day. A J. Stuart Blackton picture, "*Bride of the Storm,*" will be Miss Costello's next feature.

To be sniffling with a horrid cold and still be dainty and lovely and attractive is a feat indeed. Dolores Cosello, the day I lunched with her at Montmarte, proved that a charming personality can survive the most persistently ailing cherub of a nose. The scenario writer who adapted "*The Sea Beast,*" you see, had sat in his cosy, warm office and conceived lots of ocean shots and others in the tank on the studio lot. And in October this year, we had one week of weather so cold that even native California Chamber of Commerce members admit they remember it. And, of course, that was the week Dolores Costello, a newcomer in our clime, was asked to do retakes in the cold, cold tank. More ocean shots and winter swimming were required at Laguna Beach for "*Bride of the Storm.*" Hence, the cold; but not a complaint did I hear, for she likes the films so well that she's sure a reluctant body will soon adapt itself to all the winter flood and storm pictures the directors want to do!

I'm sure she has heaps of natural artistic ability, for I have noticed that the girls in the films who lack it seem to depend all too much on set-looking, brilliantined marcels, shiny pointed fingernails and frocks which fit just so. Dolores' light, fine hair with its lovely lights of reddish coloring is fluffy and caught up with a natural carelessness which adds interest to her sensitive face. Her gray-blue eyes are fringed by long, dark lashes and she uses so little color on cheeks and lips that you'd be in a dilemma as to whether there really was any there at all or not. She is girlishly slender, soon to develop into the tall, willowy type of woman, and her every move is graceful. I don't think she has a passion for clothes. If they bring her a dozen lovely frocks at the studio and tell her she is to wear these in the next feature, I am sure she would admire the lovely things and feel a sort of glorified happiness in wearing them. But as for chasing yardage and baubles in a desire to be a clothes-horse, I think she'd conclude it wasn't worth while.

I have not met sister Helene but I understand she has dark hair and greenish-gray eyes and is shorter and plumper than Dolores. It looks as though Helene was to have a noteworthy career of her very own, too, for she has been cast opposite Kenneth Harlan in "*Range of Big Pine,*" is now with Lowell Sherman in "*The Love Toy,*" and is to have a part in the next Barrymore feature.

When they weren't wishing for something else, New York stage managers of a decade ago used to hope to find very young and pretty actresses who showed none of the wear and tear of years of arduous stage work, but who were perfectly able to do all types of emotional work. It couldn't be done, and they would throw up their hands and phone an agency to send over an actress they could depend upon to do the work. Picture producers of today have their wants, too. They want youth without the attendant drawbacks of silly conceit, laziness or a yearning for night life. They hope for a finished *young* player who doesn't have to go through the molding of character and purpose throes. They're hard to find, but some of the youngsters in Hollywood, including Miss Costello, seem to have their feet on the ground. Jealousy, envy or greed seem no part of Dolores' make-up. She shows none of that cheap lust for fame which is the magnet attracting many people to the films. A modest ambition to do good work seems to satisfy her. And money? "I would like a good car," says Dolores, "later on." But she doesn't say it is to be blue with yellow fenders, or be upholstered just so and so. Her car, I am sure, will be a good utility vehicle to save time and strength and serve the purpose of her work and not her vanity.

I was surprised that so young a girl should have shaken off any shackling social ambitions. She doesn't seem to care to gad about like other youths. Oh, yes, she has been over to the Ambassador and down to the Biltmore once or twice for tea, and I believe one evening within six months, to a dance. That is all. She lunches some with Bebe Daniels and some of the other studio players whom she knew in New York, but aside from those innocent diversions, the

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When I first began revealing my method n public lectures, thousands came from reat distances to hear them — but many thousands more were turned away from the great theatres and auditoriums because even these vast halls could not accommodate a fraction of those who are eager to hear the amazing secret of my success!

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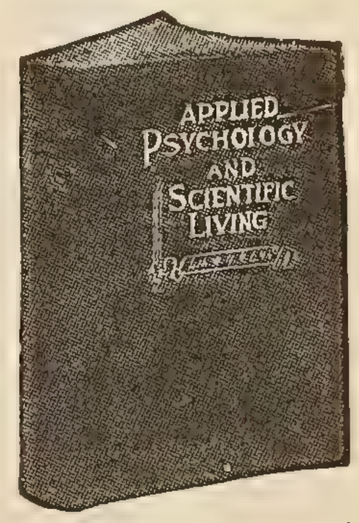
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If you seek the power to sway men and women to think as you do—if you want to overcome obstacles that hold you back—if you want the secrets of making people like you —if you long for life's luxuries — love — contentment — and robust, glowing health — then don't miss this big chance of reading this marvelous book—FREE!

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Don't Blame Her

—she lived 40 years too soon!

By Ethel K. Bannister, *Graduate Nurse*

Many of woman's woes can be summed up in one word—IGNORANCE!

As the mother in Frank Wiedekind's great drama "Spring's Awakening" cried in anguish, "Had my mother only told me!" even so in this day many women are the victims of false prudery, unenlightenment and old-fashioned custom.

But the spirit of the age encourages frankness and revealment—and the prime causes of much of woman's discomforts, weaknesses and loss of beauty and happiness can now become her property.

Personal cleanliness and daintiness are as essential to preserve health, activity, happiness and charm as dental hygiene. For delicate internal membranes lie in folds, and within these folds germs and bacteria find easy lodgment. Hence methodical cleansing is necessary—from the buoyant days of girlhood to the twilight of life.

The Marvel Hygienic or Whirling Spray was designed by science to preserve internal cleanliness. And I know of no instrument that does it so well or so effectively. By its whirling spray action the membranes are *dilated* and *smoothed out* so that every crevice is flushed clean. Medication is thorough and complete. There is no danger of injury. And any reputable antiseptic or germicide can be used without harm to bulb or tube.

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Send me in plain envelope labeled "Social Correspondence" your booklet on feminine hygiene.

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The Girl Who Made the Mannequin—*Cont. from page 44*

relates Miss Costello. "Only six months ago, sister Helene and I were playing the large eastern cities with George White's 'Scandals.' I adore the stage, and Mr. White was lovely to us, and we hadn't a thought of making a change. In Chicago, when I came into the dark theater one night and went toward my dressing-room, I gathered up the usual pile of letters in my box, a few of them from friends and the rest the usual ads from beauty shops and fur stores who want theatrical patronage. There was also a brief note from the Warner Brothers of Hollywood asking me to go to a Chicago studio and have a test made. I flipped the note down on my dressing-table and asked the girls in the company how many of them had received similar notes. When I found that only a few including my sister Helene had been asked for tests, the note assumed a little more importance. Even then, I hadn't thought seriously of wasting a day at a studio for something I was sure would come to nothing. Mother took the summons more seriously and said I had better go and have one as it might eventually lead to something good. The test made me nervous and ill at ease. Tests for make-up and costumes and all the other necessary tests which the studios demand still affect me that way. I have never become accustomed to them. I guess some of this dislike crept into my face when my first one was made, and so when they looked at the strip of film in Hollywood they thought I'd make a great vampire."

With little experience in handling big rôles, Dolores Costello has in the past few months been cast in "*Bobbed Hair,*" a Warner picture starring Marie Prevost. She was then loaned to the Fox Company for a part opposite Edmund Lowe in "*Greater than a Crown.*" And next came one of the plums of the year. She was selected to play opposite John Barrymore in "*The Sea Beast.*" The other studios, always watching the progress of newly discovered material, began a bid for her services. The finest opportunity of them all came from Famous Players-Lasky for the title rôle in "*The Mannequin,*" the picturization of the Liberty Magazine prize story which awarded $50,000 to its winner, Fannie Hurst. James Cruze, director of "*The Covered Wagon*" and other noteworthy features, was scheduled to direct "*The Mannequin,*" destined to be one of the most talked of pictures of the year. To be asked to enact the title rôle in such a feature was quite as important an honor as to be cast opposite John Barrymore in "*The Sea Beast.*" For one actress to be awarded two such important rôles is a miracle which doesn't happen in Hollywood every day. A J. Stuart Blackton picture, "*Bride of the Storm,*" will be Miss Costello's next feature.

To be sniffling with a horrid cold and still be dainty and lovely and attractive is a feat indeed. Dolores Cosello, the day I lunched with her at Montmarte, proved that a charming personality can survive the most persistently ailing cherub of a nose. The scenario writer who adapted "*The Sea Beast,*" you see, had sat in his cosy, warm office and conceived lots of ocean shots and others in the tank on the studio lot. And in October this year, we had one week of weather so cold that even native California Chamber of Commerce members admit they remember it. And, of course, that was the week Dolores Costello, a newcomer in our clime, was asked to do retakes in the cold, cold tank. More ocean shots and winter swimming were required at Laguna Beach for "*Bride of the Storm.*" Hence, the cold; but not a complaint did I hear, for she likes the films so well that she's sure a reluctant body will soon adapt itself to all the winter flood and storm pictures the directors want to do!

I'm sure she has heaps of natural artistic ability, for I have noticed that the girls in the films who lack it seem to depend all too much on set-looking, brilliantined marcels, shiny pointed fingernails and frocks which fit just so. Dolores' light, fine hair with its lovely lights of reddish coloring is fluffy and caught up with a natural carelessness which adds interest to her sensitive face. Her gray-blue eyes are fringed by long, dark lashes and she uses so little color on cheeks and lips that you'd be in a dilemma as to whether there really was any there at all or not. She is girlishly slender, soon to develop into the tall, willowy type of woman, and her every move is graceful. I don't think she has a passion for clothes. If they bring her a dozen lovely frocks at the studio and tell her she is to wear these in the next feature, I am sure she would admire the lovely things and feel a sort of glorified happiness in wearing them. But as for chasing yardage and baubles in a desire to be a clothes-horse, I think she'd conclude it wasn't worth while.

I have not met sister Helene but I understand she has dark hair and greenish-gray eyes and is shorter and plumper than Dolores. It looks as though Helene was to have a noteworthy career of her very own, too, for she has been cast opposite Kenneth Harlan in "*Range of Big Pine,*" is now with Lowell Sherman in "*The Love Toy,*" and is to have a part in the next Barrymore feature.

When they weren't wishing for something else, New York stage managers of a decade ago used to hope to find very young and pretty actresses who showed none of the wear and tear of years of arduous stage work, but who were perfectly able to do all types of emotional work. It couldn't be done, and they would throw up their hands and phone an agency to send over an actress they could depend upon to do the work. Picture producers of today have their wants, too. They want youth without the attendant drawbacks of silly conceit, laziness or a yearning for night life. They hope for a finished *young* player who doesn't have to go through the molding of character and purpose throes. They're hard to find, but some of the youngsters in Hollywood, including Miss Costello, seem to have their feet on the ground. Jealousy, envy or greed seem no part of Dolores' make-up. She shows none of that cheap lust for fame which is the magnet attracting many people to the films. A modest ambition to do good work seems to satisfy her. And money? "I would like a good car," says Dolores, "later on." But she doesn't say it is to be blue with yellow fenders, or be upholstered just so and so. Her car, I am sure, will be a good utility vehicle to save time and strength and serve the purpose of her work and not her vanity.

I was surprised that so young a girl should have shaken off any shackling social ambitions. She doesn't seem to care to gad about like other youths. Oh, yes, she has been over to the Ambassador and down to the Biltmore once or twice for tea, and I believe one evening within six months, to a dance. That is all. She lunches some with Bebe Daniels and some of the other studio players whom she knew in New York, but aside from those innocent diversions, the

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There is nothing mysterious, nothing hard to understand about my method. It's simply the result of my 20 years intensive study and experience. I was once a poor, ailing minister. Today I have plenty of money, glowing health and hosts of friends. And I did it all by simply harnessing a powerful, dynamic, elemental force within me—a health-bringing, money-getting force which you, too, can now develop without any drudgery, experiment or tedious waiting—without costly mistakes or any trusting to blind chance—without any lessons to practice or any magic catch-words to repeat or without any exercise, discomfort or self-denial!

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The moment you apply my marvelous new teachings you experience a sensation of power, mental alertness and physical well-being. You begin to think straight and quickly; you eliminate discordant or negative thoughts; you banish worry, nervousness, fear; you overcome timidity, self-consciousness and self-pity; you acquire charm and magnetic personality, you become courageous, strong and confident; you surmount all obstacles, avoid mistakes, overcome hereditary handicaps—you tap the reservoirs of amazing unused powers within you — and make yourself a king among men!

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But perhaps the most remarkable reports of all come from people who have been helped in business and in social life. Men and women who were in a rut for years have jumped the barrier and climbed into positions paying double or triple their former salaries. And thousands of others whose lives were continually harrassed by dark fears, worries, unhappiness — have acquired the secret of mental poise and courage, have banished the negative qualities that kept them back and have emerged from near-failure to complete and glorious success!

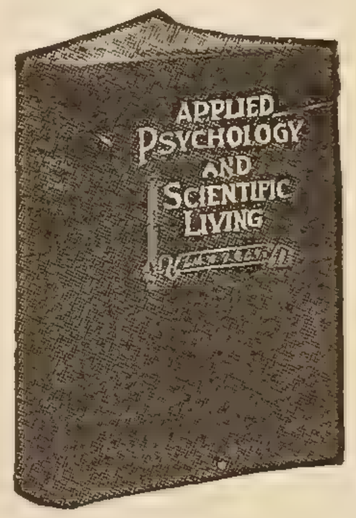
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IN addition to the many Foot Appliances and Remedies perfected by Dr. Wm. M. Scholl for alleviating and correcting all manner of foot troubles, he is also the inventor of this wonderful little device, called Dr. Scholl's Nu-Grip Heel Liner.

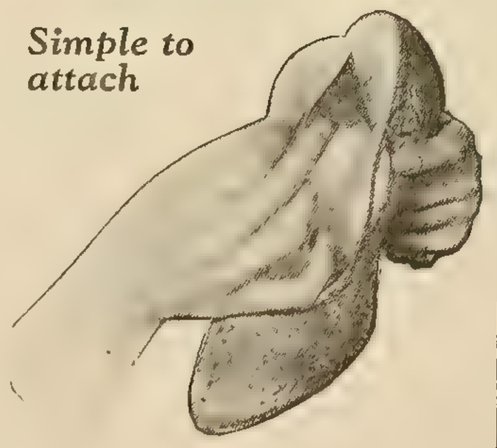
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Dr. Scholl's Nu-Grip Heel Liner is quickly and easily attached to the inner lining of the counter of the shoe, by moistening the glue on the back. The *cup-shaped center* is an *exclusive patented* feature which prevents the heel from slipping in the shoe. Made of soft, velvet-like rubber.

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It is invisibly worn in the shoe, being made in colors to match—white, black, tan, champagne. Sizes for men and women.

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studio and work come first. She can't quite understand how some of her schoolgirl acquaintances eke out an interesting existence eternally playing cards and going to teas. To her, the studio is the center of all interest, and having been reared in an atmosphere of picture-making, she knows you can't have any great amount of anticipation about an evening dinner engagement. As sure as you accept any social invitations in pictures, the director will have a "yen" to keep on working until midnight.

I think much credit should go to Maurice and Mrs. Costello for the careful rearing of two beautiful daughters. Odd, isn't it, that in all the years he has been making pictures, Maurice Costello had never seen Hollywood until this fall! And now, he has a perfectly casual excuse for being in our midst. You see he played in a vaudeville sketch last year, and he may soon go out in it again, so he says he merely came west to deposit one pet airedale and one puppy airedale so that they would have good family care under his own roof while he was off bowing before his audiences. Personally, I think he is awfully interested and proud of the progress his daughters are making, and kind of wants to be around the studio lots for a time to hear the whispered congratulations of his old cronies.

An ideally happy family life has given the Costello daughters a splendid start. For twenty-one years, this screen family have had the same papa and mama—which is not a too frequent condition of affairs in the difficult life of stage and screen. Mrs. Costello danced some as a girl and has played in pictures. "But she gave it all up for us," relates Dolores. "She just lives for us. Everything she does is for the happiness of Dad and Helene and myself. She is wonderful!" As for her own romances, Dolores says she knows she isn't going to be married for years and years, but when she does, she wants "loads of babies." So, for implanting fine ideals of family life, the parents of this new film star deserve much high credit.

When she was as young as five, Dolores played in her father's feature pictures. A Vitagraph company was the first ever to embark on a tour of the world, and the little girls were taken along to do baby bits in their father's sterling hero pictures and to remember what they could of foreign climes. I've always been under the impression that Maurice Costello was of Italian parentage, but Dolores tells me that his parents were Irish and that way back there was a Spanish ancestor in the offing. She was almost constantly at the studio until she was ten, then went in more seroiusly for her studies. Dolores went through the high school at Flushing, Long Island, and later had a tutor for special courses. Helene was sent to the convent, Ladycliffe-on-Hudson. The girls took some aesthetic dancing, but Dolores says they did not attend schools of dramatic art, but picked up their knowledge of the work from their father and from watching the other players at the studio. A stock company manager offered the girls parts, but their father did not want them to go. "You will become actresses, technically speaking," their father said. "Stock work, I am sure, will spoil your naturalness. Some better opportunity will come." And it did. James Montgomery Flagg engaged Dolores to pose for the picture illustrations of the heroine of "*The Skyrocket,*" Adela Rogers St. John's popular story of Hollywood. And Mr. Flagg did the illustrations for "*The Mannequin,*" too; but he could not have the same model, for she was already in Hollywood, creating

There, beneath the tropic, moon, they met again - -

She had been trying for two years to forget — but he — had he ever seen this ravishing creature before?

By Dorothy Winton

TWO years before, he had come into my life — the Prince Charming of my dreams—the one man for whom I had longed all my girlhood years. And had as promptly gone out again.

It was in gay San Francisco that we met —at the Army and Navy Ball. He was a First Lieutenant then, tall, dashing, handsome—almost too handsome I thought, at least for a plain girl like me. But "a cat may look at a king," I told myself, and how I did try to impress him!

You can imagine how I felt when, after a glorious tete-a-tete in the conservatory, he left me to dance with Betty Harrison. I could hardly keep from showing my disappointment. In fact, I really hated Betty for the moment. But in spite of my resentment, I had to admit that she was simply stunning. Never had I seen her look more beautiful—and never had I seen such marvelous hair. It framed her face like a halo—rich, silky, lustrous locks, marcelled to make any girl turn green with envy; marcelled to lay any man at her feet!

At that very instant, by some streak of fate, I happened to glance in a mirror—and what a shock I had! Compared with Betty's, my hair was a fright. Never before had I realized just how straight and straggly my hair really was; how dull and lifeless. Yes, how downright *ugly!*

It was all I could do to keep back the tears. My Prince Charming had come and gone. My evening was ruined. In a little while I asked my escort to take me home—and only my pillow knows how many tears I shed that night as I cried myself to sleep!

"Why can't I have glorious, wavy hair like Betty Harrison's?" I asked myself, time and again.

I often went to beauty parlors for marcels, and while my hair usually looked good for a day or two, the marcels wouldn't last any time. And I could see that the heat from the iron was making my hair coarse and brittle, worse looking all the time.

So a little later, when my father, who was a Major in the Army, was transferred to the Philippines, I was really glad, for I looked upon it as an escape from my embarrassment. Soon I lost myself in the outdoor life of the post and had almost forgotten the fascinating Lieutenant when, on the very day of the biggest Military Ball of the season, I learned that he had been transferred to Corregidor, too, and would be present at the dance that night. And he was a Captain now!

I was in a panic. My hair looked worse than ever—and the nearest beauty parlor was in Manila, thirty miles away. Too late to go there for a marcel. Something must be done. I couldn't face my "Prince Charming" again with that horrid, straggly mop of hair!

Marge saves the day

"Oh, what **shall** I do!" I exclaimed that afternoon to Marge Elliott, my best friend and confident. "He's coming to the dance tonight, and my hair just looks **terrible!**"

Then I noticed for the first time what a beautiful marcel she had.

"Why Marjorie Elliott!—What have you been doing to your hair—it looks perfectly marvelous!"

Marge went over to her dresser and took out a little box. In it was a bottle of liquid and about a dozen queer looking little contraptions, from three to six inches long.

"Actions speak louder than words," she replied. "Sit down in that chair a few moments and I'll give you the finest marcel you ever had in your life."

First she moistened my hair slightly with the liquid. Then she began fixing the little marcellers in my hair. It didn't take her long to get them all in place. In about fifteen minutes the liquid had dried and when she took the wavers out, I could hardly believe my eyes!

There was the loveliest marcel I had ever had! Here was an effect that even the most skilled beauty specialist had never obtained — and, moreover, the curling fluid had brought new life and luster to my dull, listless hair. It seemed too good to be true!

I could hardly wait for the dance to begin. My lovely marcel had renewed my self-confidence and made a different girl of me entirely. Something just seemed to bring out every bit of my personality and I was simply glowing with vibrant enthusiasm and vitality.

And later in the evening, when I met my "Prince Charming" again, it was a triumph from the start. He could hardly believe I was the same drab, tousle-haired girl he had met in 'Frisco two years before. He more than made up for his former indifference—for how he did rave about my hair!

He didn't leave me after the first dance this time. Nor the second. Nor the tenth. And that evening as we watched the tropic moon paint a rippling, silvery path across the China Sea, he told me—well, I suspect he will soon be **my Captain** for life!

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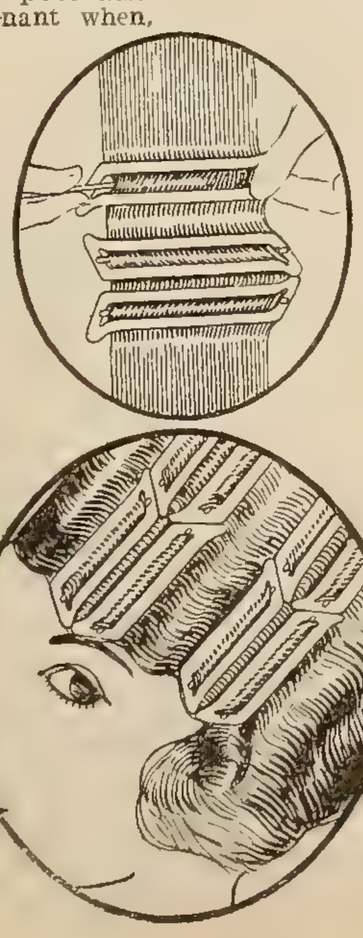
You can bet I didn't lose any time ordering a set of these Marvelous Marcellers for myself. Until they came, I used Margie's outfit every few days and I didn't have a bit of trouble keeping my hair beautifully marcelled all the time. By putting the waves in the same place every time, my hair soon became **trained** and then I didn't have to marcel it nearly so often. It is really remarkable what results one can get with this marcelling outfit and how inexpensive it is, too. Here is the solution of the marcelling problem for every girl, rich and poor.

Now you, too, may have beautifully marcelled hair all the time, at practically no expense

If you have had a "permanent wave" and are now experiencing the usual difficulty keeping your hair in shape; if your hair is straight and unusually hard to wave; if you seem to have more trouble with your hair than any of the other girls you know, then you'll appreciate the Marvelous Marcellers all the more. For, regardless of the kind of hair you have, they will positively give you the most beautiful marcel you can imagine.

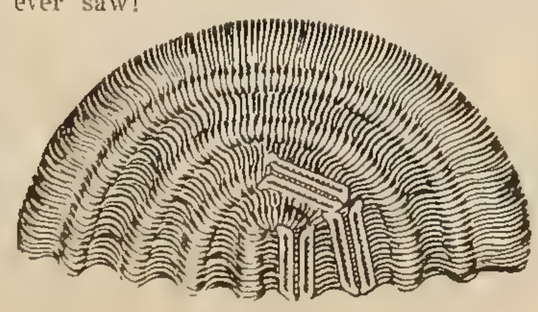
We guarantee this without any reservation and let you be the sole judge.

In order to quickly introduce this amazing new invention to thousands of women throughout the country, we



With our Marcel Fashion Chart to guide you, it is a simple matter to get any type or style of marcel you want with the Marvelous Marcellers—side part, center part, horseshoe wave, Ina Claire or shingle "bob," pompadour, etc. Detailed drawings show how to apply the Marcellers for each style. The Style Chart also contains suggestions for selecting the kind of marcel most becoming to your type of beauty.

Marcelling your hair with the Marvelous Marcellers is both simple and fascinating. First you moisten the hair with a delightful Wave Fixative which comes as part of this outfit. Then the hair strands are brought through a specially designed loop and caught in place with a metal pin. The hair is thus held in "waves" for 15 or 20 minutes until dry, when you take the marcellers out—and there is the most beautiful marcel you ever saw!





"But you have changed so much since I saw you last — you are so — so much more beautiful!"

are going to offer the first 10,000 sets at a price that hardly covers the cost of making, packing, advertising and selling—only $3.85 for the entire outfit. This includes a full sized bottle of Wave Fixative, a new and authentic Marcel Fashion Chart and a complete set of Marvelous Marcellers.

By taking advantage of this special offer right away you will be getting, for the cost of two or three beauty parlor marcels, everything you need to keep your hair beautifully marcelled the whole year round. And your hair will not only look better **all the time,** but will be kept in a much healthier condition, due to the elimination of the harmful artificial heating ordinarily used in marcelling.



This is only one of the many beautiful marcels you can get with this amazing new invention.

Send no money—just mail the coupon

Even at this special introductory price, you don't have to pay for this marcelling outfit in advance, nor do you need risk a single penny. All you do is sign and mail the coupon. In a few days, when the postman brings your outfit, just deposit with him $3.85 (plus a few cents postage). And when you put in your first marcel, you'll say it was the best investment you ever made in your life, for your hair waving troubles are over. Every time you use this outfit you'll get better and better results and you'll always bless the day this offer came to your attention.

After you have tried this remarkable new marcelling outfit for five days, if you are not delighted with results—if it doesn't give you the most beautiful marcel you ever had and improve your hair in every way—simply return the outfit to us and your money will be refunded quickly and cheerfully. But don't put it off a single hour. Be among the first to take advantage of this special introductory offer. Fill in and mail the coupon **now!**

MAISON DE BEAUTE

844 Rush Street **Chicago, Illinois**

—COUPON—

Maison de Beaute,
844 Rush Street, Dept. 5, Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen: Please send me your newly invented marcelling outfit, including Marcel Style Chart, bottle of Wave Fixative and set of Marvelous Marcellers. I agree to deposit $3.85 (plus postage) with the postman when he makes delivery. If I am not delighted with results I will return the outfit within five days and you are to refund the purchase price without argument or delay.

Name .....

Address .....

NOTE: If you expect to be out when the postman comes, enclose $4 with your order and the Marcelling Outfit will be sent postpaid.



Just to make satisfied customers, you can buy both of these wonderful dresses for the price of one. Positively the biggest bargain we ever offered. Both dresses are made of strong wearing navy blue, wool-finished serge. One is neat pencil stripe in the new coat effect with side sash and button trim. Popular Peter Pan collar and tie strings. The other is embroidered with silk and has turn back collar, tie strings and sash belt. **Neat styles suitable for all figures and for year around wear.**

SEND NO MONEY—just send letter **now!** When dresses are delivered pay mailman only $2.98 and a few cents delivery charges. **If not satisfied we'll return your money. Isn't that fair?**

NORMAN ROBERTS CO. Dept. 73-C-199 **CHICAGO**

THE HAUNTING APPEAL OF ROMANTIC EYES



owes its swift potency to the shadowy depths of luxuriant lashes. It is their fascinating sweep that gives the eyes their elusive expressiveness.

Impart to your eyes the dreamy depths that are beauty's greatest fascination. Just touch your lashes lightly with WINX and they instantly appear much longer, darker and heavier.

WINX is a harmless waterproof liquid that dries at once and cannot run or smear. Complete with brush attached to stopper of bottle, 75c., U. S. and Canada. At drug and department stores or by mail. Black and brown.

WINXETTE (cake form), complete with tiny one-row brush and mirror, 50c. Black and brown.

Mail 12c today for a generous sample of Winx. Another 12c brings a sample of Pert cream Rouge, the rouge that won't rub off.

ROSS COMPANY
235-C West 18th Street New York

WINX
Waterproof

Superfluous HAIR all GONE



Forever removed by the Mahler Method which kills the hair root without pain or injuries to the skin in the privacy of your own home. We teach Beauty Culture.

Send today 3 stamps for Free Booklet

D. J. MAHLER CO., 33-B, Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.

the film version of the book! Stage dancing she learned in White's "Scandals," and she isn't going to stop studying; for music and French are a part of her schedule for this winter.

Jim Cruze says that Dolores Costello gave one of the best performances he has ever seen in his production of *"The Mannequin."* This is the story of Joan Herrick, kidnapped in babyhood, reared in squalor and peril, who struggles from the time she is ten years of age to protect her honor. Then from the depths, out of the dregs of humanity from which destiny cast her, she fights her way to the threshold of fame. Then a murder is committed and Joan is faced by an amazing predicament. "One of the most unusual plots ever conceived," was the verdict of the judges of Liberty Magazine's prize story.

Dolores Costello doesn't claim the ability to go in "cold" and do any sort of acting rôle, or simulate a character, or make an imitation. "My feelings must be sincerely my own, or I know it will look wrong on the screen," she says. "I never could borrow my emotions from outside forces or from other players to put them over. In *'The Sea Beast,'* Mr. Barrymore and I tried one emotional scene eleven different ways. In one of these I felt particularly natural and felt the part sincerely, and that was the one they chose to use in the finished picture."

Before the old troupers, she has poise and patience and much of that needed quality known as "starch." Playing opposite John Barrymore would have upset more than one film star, but she says she felt natural with him and that he was awfully kind in helping her with suggestions. Not many stars of the magnitude of Mr. Barrymore will, when they are not in the scene, stand off side and gives cues with the dramatic fire needed to inspire the player in the scene, but Mr. Barrymore did this in order to help the new star who was trying her valiant best to make very, very good.

Earnestness of purpose is Dolores Costello's chief characteristic, and I believe that trait alone will carry her far. You've got to believe in pictures very, very hard to make a success in them. Dolores has seemingly always been in pictures, for when she was a tot of five, she had bits to do with fat John Bunny and funny Flora Finch, with "Dimples" Lillian Walker, and her father's own dramas. The failures, the discouragements which the average player meets, have not dimmed her hopes. Nor has she any of the cynic's sense of humor regarding the picture industry as a whole. After she told me how very earnest she was about making good, I was a bit floored when she puckered her brows a moment later and queried, "People in Hollywood all seem so awfully old, don't they?" So long have we prided ourselves on our gaiety and levity of heart and the fact that nosy old people continually come west to lave in our fountain of youth! I've met many older players who do not take pictures at all seriously except at deposit time on Saturdays. And she is so very, very young, and still she's so seriously in earnest. So, you see, "Hollywood" is all a point of view!

The Graft I Get from the Stars—*Continued from page 37*

"Entirely. I'll tell you about it. After all these years of seeing Miss Griffith on the screen, this week, for the first time, I met her — had luncheon with her, in fact. So you see I was under her influence for a long time."

"Then you're a believer in astrology — the influence of the stars on one's destiny?"

"Absolutely. But to return to Miss Griffith — as who would not — on the screen she is a beautiful, exotic-looking creature with blond hair, isn't she? Well, in real life she has medium brown hair, cut in a boyish bob, with no sign of a wave. Her skin is colorless and she uses no make-up on her lips nor on her eyes. She is the quintessence of elegance. She makes you feel that the only thing worth while in a woman is naturalness."

"You do learn about women from them, don't you? Now you're so crazy about Pola Negri. What does she give you?"

"Pola has imbued me with the ambition to own a philosophy like unto her own.

"Have a good time, let the chips fall where they may. Pola decides what is right to do and then does it. She has the utmost confidence in her own judgment. Every time I'm with that fearless Pola for a while, I feel that I can rush out and conquer the world and then cry for other worlds to conquer."

"I suspect that Miss Talmadge is a Pollyanna. The day you spent with her you went about beaming on everyone and telling all who would listen that, 'Every cloud has a silver lining,' 'it's always darkest ere dawn' and 'nothing is as bad as it seems.'"

"Well, if Norma's philosophy had that effect on me, it's a pretty good one.

"However, Miss Talmadge is not a Pollyanna. Pollyannas never have any sense of humor. Miss Talmadge has a superb one. But her philosophy, she says, is this: 'If you can't get what you want, want what you can get.'

"Has none of these cinema friends of yours any sins? They all sound so noble. Don't any of them ever have a bad influence on you?"

"Yes, Dick Barthelmess does. He is a pessimist if ever there was one, and he always makes me feel when I leave him that life is just a hollow mockery."

"What does May Allison give you?" asked our best friend. "You're always prating of her beauty. Has she anything else?"

"Rather. Her beauty is only a result of her diligence. She always inspires us with a desire to go and do likewise. Why, for a whole week after we leave May Allison, we give our hair one hundred strokes with the brush night and morning. We also follow a hot tub with a cold shower, although we hate cold showers. But beautiful May says it's how she got that way. She never admits that she has beauty; she calls it health."

"I've heard that Lois Moran is like that, too."

"She is. And after lunching with her I'm afraid to eat anything except fruit and nuts for a week or so."

"And what influence was it which sent you out some six months ago to become 'accomplished'?"

"Hope Hampton did that. That girl has more ambition than any human being I know; and she made me ashamed of myself. She takes a French lesson, a dancing lesson and a vocal lesson every day of her life."

"Do you blame Miss Hampton entirely for your unwonted energy? Aren't any of the other stars ambitious?"

"Yes, Lois Wilson is. The last time we saw her she was taking a riding lesson in the park every morning, a swimming lesson and a dancing lesson every afternoon and going to the theatre every night."

"Well, it seems to me," said our lady friend, "that you can't have a very strong



How a Discovery That Stunned Me

Brought Me a Ravishing Complexion

The story of a girl with an unattractive skin who almost lost her sweetheart, but suddenly became radiant and beautiful.

IT was the night of the big party, and my cousin Marian and I were upstairs taking a last hasty peek in the mirror.

"Hurry!" Marian whispered. "The guests are beginning to arrive."

"Do I look all right?"

"Your new dress is adorable. I'm sure Jim will propose to you tonight."

"Why, Marian! . He won't do anything of the sort! You know he just likes me—a little."

She laughed at my confusion, and I felt myself blushing. She had guessed what was in my heart and mind. Jim had been so sweet to me these last few weeks. We had gone to the theatre together and to dances—and I began to feel that he cared for me as I cared for him. Tonight, perhaps, I would know. Tonight he might tell me what I was aching to hear.

"Jim's in the library," Marian said. "Let's surprise him."

We tiptoed downstairs. Cautiously we peered into the library—and my heart stood still! There, in the shadowed privacy of that room, Jim was embracing Peggy Lang!

I turned quickly and dashed upstairs, Marian followed me.

"Now, look here!" she said. "You mustn't let this upset you. You know that Peggy is just a silly little vamp—and no doubt she flirted with Jim as she flirts with everyone."

I was utterly wretched, and I couldn't hold back the tears that came flooding to my eyes. Marian took my hand in hers. "Let this be a warning, dear," she said. "I know Jim likes you, but you'll lose him unless you try harder to keep him."

"I've lost him already!" I cried bitterly.

"No, you haven't," she answered. "And you will never lose him if—if . . ."

"If *what?*" I demanded.

"It's not easy to say, but I mean if you make yourself look more dainty and attractive. Your complexion is not—well, wholesome-looking. How can you expect to compete with pretty girls like Peggy Lang when you let your complexion get so—unsightly?"

I felt humiliated. But she was right, of course. I knew only too well how unattractive my skin was. Not only was it coarse and blemished, but tiny crow's feet were beginning to show around the eyes—the skin was oily—the pores enlarged. I turned to her helplessly.

"What can I do? I've spent a fortune on creams and lotions and massages. Nothing seems to help. You once had a poor complexion, Marian. What did you do to get your skin so clear and smooth?"

Marian told me; and I listened in amazement. Like a pair of conspirators, we planned to try her secret on my complexion; and with a much lighter heart I went down again to join the party.

* * *

Two weeks later Peggy gave a party at her house. I went with a singing heart and a joyous new confidence in myself. My mirror told me that I now had a clear, beautiful, unblemished complexion — that I looked younger, fresher, prettier. All the blemishes were gone, the crow's feet had vanished, the texture of the skin was soft and smooth and firm. Marian's secret had actually given me a new complexion for the old, and I was no longer afraid of Peggy or any one!

I shall never forget how astonished Jim was when he saw me. "You look wonderful!" he whispered, as soon as we were alone. "I never realized before how beautiful you are!"

But I'm not beautiful, of course. It's just my beautiful new complexion that makes Jim think so! A clear, fresh, attractive skin makes even the plainest girl look pretty.

Full Details on Request.

What Marion told her cousin is not really a secret. Already thousands of women have profited by the **remarkable overnight way to a new complexion.** This unique overnight treatment, discovered by the famous health specialist, Susanna Cocroft, acts on the skin-pores while you sleep.

The reason ordinary methods fail to produce results is because they treat only the surface skin—not the **underneath** skin, where the real trouble lies. But this new treatment gets right to the very **cause** of most skin blemishes. It quickly draws out all the glorious charm, freshness and beauty that lies hidden beneath even the most unattractive outer skin. The clogged pores are cleansed, purged of their poisons. Even after the first night a wonderful difference is seen. Tired lines, oiliness, enlarged pores, sallowness, blemishes, sagging muscles—all should quickly vanish.

A New Skin in 15 Days or No Cost!

Susanna Cocroft's amazing overnight treatment is positively guaranteed to convince you in only 15 days that even a blemished, sallow, muddy complexion can be made as smooth and clear as a child's—**or your money is instantly refunded on request,** with no questions or red tape of any kind.

If your skin is rough, coarse, leathery, dull or sallow; if it is disfigured by humiliating skin eruptions such as pimples and blackheads; if the texture of your skin is spoiled by enlarged pores; if your skin is dry and scaly; if it is excessively oily, then send at once for the interesting, illustrated 32-page booklet called "The Overnight Way to a New Complexion." It will tell all about this new quick method to beauty. No obligation. Mail coupon TODAY, Thompson-Barlow Company, Dept. F-363, 130 West 31st St., New York City.

Thompson-Barlow Co., Inc., Dept. F-363.
130 West 31st Street, New York City.

Please send me your new book, "The Overnight Way to a New Complexion." Also full details of the free proof plan which enables me to test this new home treatment without risking a penny.

Name . . . . . .

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City . . . . . State . . . . . .

Your Excess Weight

Can be eliminated, as millions are now doing. No abnormal exercise or diet. Simply correct the internal cause in this easy, pleasant way.



Few are Fat

In these modern days

Note how slenderness prevails in every circle nowadays. Excess fat is not one-tenth so common as it was. Every idea of beauty, health and fitness calls for normal weight, and people are conforming.

All must realize that a new factor has appeared. People have found an easy, pleasant way to reduce, a scientific way. And the over-fat by millions are now gaining normal weight.

This is to tell you that method, to offer a test at our cost, then under our guarantee. You owe to yourself this knowledge if you suffer overweight.

Correct the Cause

The cause of excess fat usually lies in a certain gland. Correcting that condition stops the extra fat formation. Modern research has proved this beyond any question. All animals, all human beings respond to this treatment at once.

The treatment is embodied at its best in Marmola Prescription Tablets. They have been used for 18 years. The use has grown and grown, until people are now using over a million boxes yearly.

The use involves no abnormal exercise or diet. One simply takes four tablets daily, and lives a regular regime. When the weight returns to normal, stop Marmola. If excess fat appears again, check it at once in this way.

MARMOLA

Prescription Tablets

The Pleasant Way to Reduce

Supplied by all druggists at $1 per box. Send this coupon for a 25c sample free, our latest books and our guarantee. Clip it now.

No Mysticism

Marmola is not a secret prescription. Our books state every ingredient, all their effects and the reasons. You will know exactly how Marmola acts, and why. It acts on the glands which cause fat.

The results are so reliable that we send a guarantee to all who mail our coupon. Your own druggist signs it. If you fail to get what you desire, every penny is returned.

The reduction is not rapid. It rarely exceeds one pound per day, as advised by the best authorities. Then the body can adjust itself to the new conditions. Wrinkles are not created. The amount of reduction is always at your command. Go your own way as regards exercise and diet. Rely on Marmola to correct any abnormal condition.



Be Slender

As you used to be

Nowadays the over-fat are regarded as abnormal. They are becoming more and more uncommon. You can see that everywhere. Almost all can attain a normal weight in an easy, pleasant way. Millions have proved that out.

Prove this to yourself, for your own sake. Excess fat blights beauty, health and fitness. You cannot afford it. Learn how easily you can remedy and prevent it—just by correcting a gland. Many of your friends are doing that today. Please learn why.

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DETROIT, MICH.

25c Sample **Free**
Mail Coupon
Send No Money

_____

_____

333

character to be so easily influenced."

"Probably I haven't. You never heard me say I wanted to have a strong character. I'm like Yo San — 'I only want to be perfectly happy all my life.' Not much to ask, is it?"

"And how do you think is the easiest way to accomplish that?"

"Hang around with Doris Kenyon, is as good a way as any. That girl is the sweetest, jolliest girl I know. Not what one would call 'a sweet woman,' you understand, but piquant and filled with understanding. 'Come on now, let's be happy,' she seems to say, and you can talk with her for an afternoon and then go away and feel scintillating for a whole week."

"Gloria Swanson is such an arresting person that I fancied you would get a great deal out of her. When you are under the influence of Gloria, do you go around feeling like a Marquise until someone startles you out of it?"

"No, the greatest part that the Marquise ever played in my life was when, under her influence, I rushed out and got the most becoming hair-cut I ever had. Gloria brought it back from Paris with her a couple of years ago, and I couldn't resist her."

"Now," remarked our best friend, "why don't you, one of these days, put yourself under the influence of Irene Rich? She is so sweet and you, with your powers of absorption, ought to retain enough of it to last a year if you spread it out thin."

"Never," we answered with conviction "Sweet people only arouse the spirit of opposition in me. Irene Rich may be — nay, is — gentle, generous, gracious and good, but I fly from that atmosphere feeling only venomous, vindictive, villainous and vituperative."

The Coming Out Party

(*Continued from page 39*)

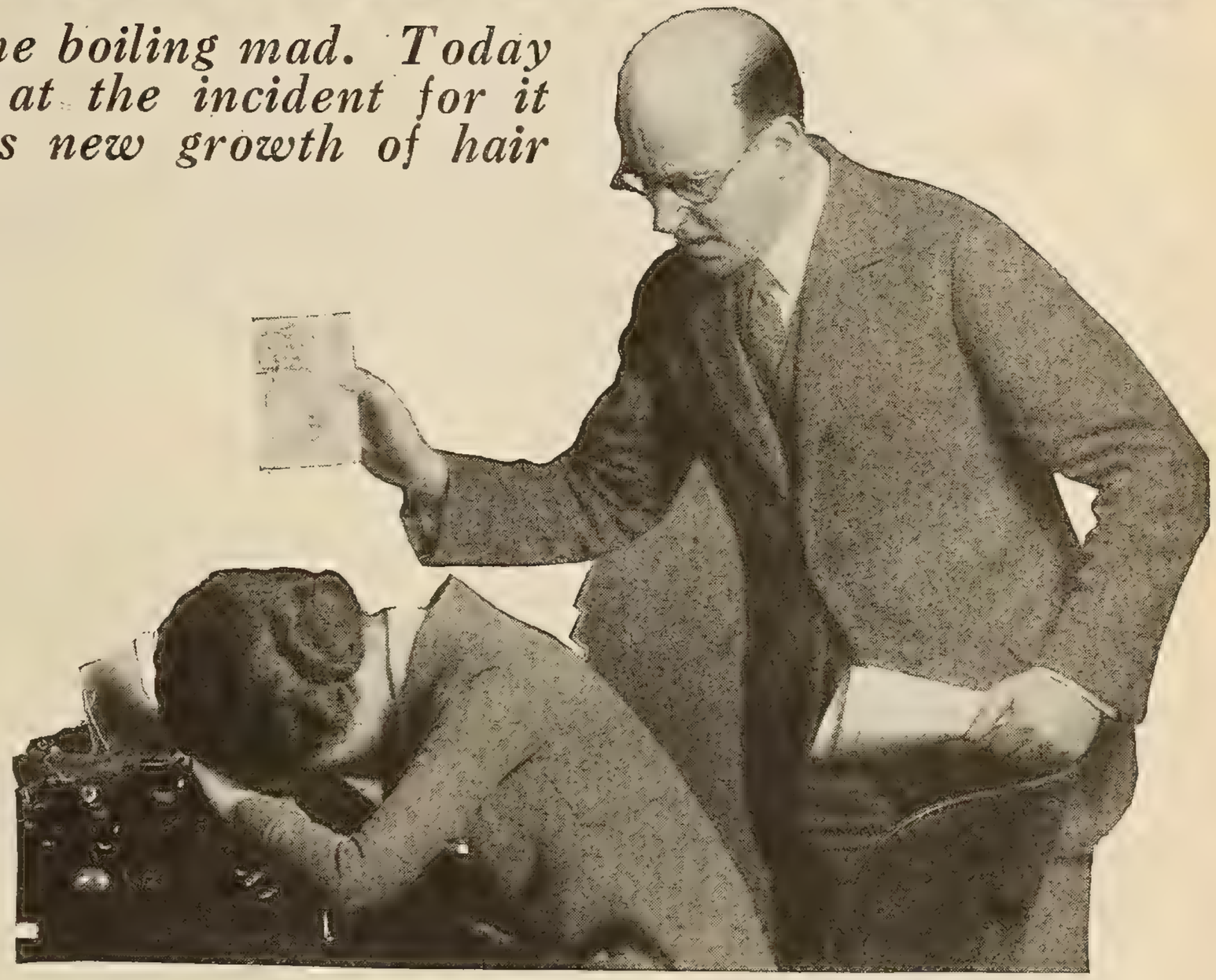
a most satisfactory evening; and the picture, whatever it was, was enthusiastically acclaimed in the journals of the period. Seldom before or since, in fact, has a picture been so widely acclaimed. Not long after, I regret to say, the company which tendered the entertainment went broke. But can't you imagine the producer sitting among the ruins of his company, a little downcast, it may be, but consoling himself with the thought that that was *some* party?

The Ritz is a leading cinema parade-ground. There are some reviewers who positively refuse to review anywhere else. Mary Pickford was busy on "*Sparrows*" and couldn't come east to attend the first showing of "*Little Annie Rooney*" but she sent telegrams inviting us to the pre-view — in plain language, a dinner at the Ritz. It was the first time Mary had gone in for social pre-views. She and Doug usually launch their productions in Broadway theatres in the usual course of events and let criticism take its course.

Those critics who had never been up the river gladly accepted the invitation of the producer of "*Capital Punishment.*" (Quiet, please!) Sing Sing prison was the location. It is a good two hours' ride from New York — good when the ride is accomplished in limousines, which it was. As the gray walls of the prison rose about them, some of the reviewers showed an unusual nervousness, almost a timidity, which they had never displayed on paper. Smiling more or less grimly, the pilot of the party continued to usher us through the door. It would be much more exciting to be able to say that

How a Strange Accident Saved Me From Baldness-

Sixty days ago it made me boiling mad. Today I look back and laugh at the incident for it brought me a marvelous new growth of hair



I'M willing to bet that I've wasted more money trying to end my baldness than any other man in the world. So naturally I laughed at any ad that sounded like a baldness remedy. And the oftener I laughed, the more bald I became.

When my wife began to look sorrowfully at my thinning hair I smiled regretfully. When my friends began to call me "baldy" I felt somewhat annoyed. But when my private secretary began to look strangely at my glistening scalp and snicker—well it made me mad.

But the worst was yet to come. About sixty days ago I saw a tooth paste advertisement that offered to send a free booklet. It sounded interesting so I clipped the coupon and gave it to my secretary to fill in and mail.

Well, a few days later, to my utter surprise, I found on my desk—not a booklet on toothpaste—but a booklet and a letter telling how to end baldness in 30 days!

I glanced from the booklet to my secretary. I felt my blood boiling.

"Miss Harris," I said to her, "I can't say that I appreciate your sense of humor. Just what is your idea? Is it. . . ."

She paled. "Why, Mr. Burns—what's wrong—what have I done?"

"*Done?*" I shouted, "aren't you content with laughing at my bald head—must you make matters worse by sending me this hint. If it pains you to look at my head you are always at liberty to resign!"

Tears came into her eyes. And between sobs she explained why it wasn't really her fault.

She said that the coupon which I asked her to mail had another coupon printed on the back—and the other coupon offered to send a free book about baldness. Well, she simply used her own judgment!

"Hm," was all I could say. And during the entire day not a word passed between us.

But that night on my way home I read the book about baldness. And I have to admit that a more interesting, more helpful, more honest book I've never read in my life. It described an entirely new method of making hair grow—a method perfected by Alois Merke, founder of the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York. It is the only treatment I had ever heard of that actually reached right down to the hair roots and awakened them to new, vigorous activity.

As I read on I felt myself weakening in my resolve not to try another hair treatment. And then when I read that Merke actually guaranteed a new growth of hair in 30 days or no cost to me—well, I completely weakened and sent for the treatment.

The first two or three times I used the treatment I began to notice that my hair didn't fall out as much as it used to. But, a week or so later when I looked in the mirror I saw something that almost bowled me over! For there, just breaking through, was a fine downy fuzz all over my head.

Every night I spent 15 minutes taking the treatment at home. And every day this young hair kept getting stronger and thicker. At the end of a month you could hardly see a bald spot on my head. And at the end of sixty days—well, my worries about baldness were ended. For I had regained an entirely new head of healthy hair. Can you blame me for laughing now at the strange incident of 60 days ago?

Here's the Secret

According to Alois Merke, in most cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead, but merely **dormant** — temporarily asleep. Now to make a sickly tree grow you would not think of rubbing "growing fluid" on the leaves. Yet that is just what I had been doing, when I used to douse my head with tonics, salves, etc. To make a tree grow you must nourish the **roots.** And it's exactly the same with the hair

This new treatment, which Merke perfected after 17 years' experience in treating baldness, is the first and only practical method of getting right down to the hair roots and nourishing them.

At the Merke Institute many have paid as high as $500 for the results secured thru personal treatments. Yet now these very same results may be secured in any home in which there is electricity—**at a cost of only a few cents a day.**

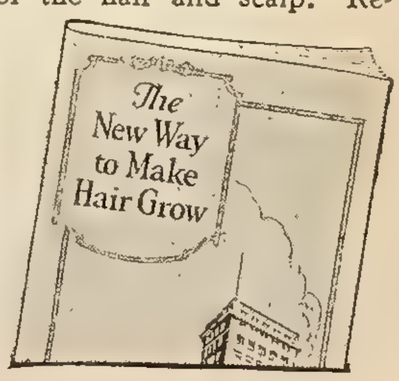
The thing I like most about Merke is that he very frankly admits that his treatment will not grow hair in every case. There are some cases of baldness that nothing in the world can help. But so many others have regained hair this new way, that he absolutely guarantees it to produce an entirely new hair growth in 30 days or the trial is free. In other words, no matter how thin your hair may be, he invites you to try the treatment 30 days at his risk, and if it fails to grow hair then he's the loser—not you. And you are the sole judge of whether his method works or not.

Coupon Brings You Full Details

This story is typical of the results that great numbers of people are securing with the Merke Treatment.

"The New Way to Make Hair Grow," which explains the Merke Treatment in detail, is the title of the vitally interesting 34-page book, which will be sent you entirely free, if you simply mail the coupon below.

This little book tells all about the amazing new treatment, shows what it has already done for countless others, and in addition contains much valuable information on the care of the hair and scalp. Remember, this book is yours free—to keep. And if you decided to take the treatment, you can do so without risking a penny So mail the coupon now and get the surprise of your life! Address, Allied Merke Institute, Inc., Dept. 673, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York.



GET THIS FREE BOOK

Read This!

"Results are wonderful. My hair has stopped falling out and I can see lots of new hair coming in. I preach your system to everyone"—F. D. R., Washington, D. C.

"My hair was coming out at an alarming rate, but after four or five treatments I noticed this was checked. My hair is coming in thicker and looks and feels full of life and vigor."—W. C., Great Neck, N. Y.

"I have used your system for eight weeks and although the top of my head has been entirely bald for six years, the results up to the present are gratifying. In fact, the entire bald spot is covered with a fine growth of hair."—W. B., Kenmore, Ohio.

(Original of above letters on file at the Institutes.)

Allied Merke Institute, Inc.
Dept. 673, 512 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

Please send me—without cost or obligation, in a plain wrapper, a copy of your book describing the Merke System.

Name .....
(State whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

City ..... State .....

WIN $1000 Quick and Easy



Put Each Movie Star In a Separate Room

By drawing 3 straight lines, you can put each of these 6 Movie Stars in a separate Room. Then cut out this Advertisement and send it to us right away with your Name and complete Address. We'll immediately credit you with 100 "Points" and tell you how easy it is to secure the additional "Points" to make you the winner of the $1,000. This Contest closes May 15, 1926. Duplicate Prizes will be awarded in case of a tie.

Send No Money

Just your Solution and your full Name and complete Address. Enter this Contest to win! Your chance is as good as anybody's! Think what you can do with $1,000 cash! There is no time to lose! Quick action can bring you $100 Extra. Send your Solution NOW!

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the big iron gate clanged ominously behind us. But Sing Sing is the prisoners' paradise. It is almost hospitable. You enter through an ordinary door and wait in the warden's reception-room, unless he is in particular haste to receive you, which, I am glad to report, he was not with us. You are politely requested by a guard to enter another door which happens to be barred. Once in, you notice the peculiar damp smell and the curious glances of the permanent guests. Otherwise, you might be in your own home.

Since "*Capital Punishment*" concerned the tribulations of George Hackathorne as a convict, it was thought advisable to prepare the spectators in the interests of atmosphere and realism. So supper was served by trusties — the same supper the paying guests enjoy. After the soup, most of the reviewers decided then and there to be better boys and girls and announced themselves in a properly receptive state for viewing the picture without any entree or dessert. The cinema attraction was served in the prisoners' recreation hall. The visitors, including the star, Mr. Hackathorne, sat in a box at the rear of the hall with a nice view of the screen and a variety of heads — none of them shaved. You see, in Sing Sing the men wear whatever modest costume they choose. Stripes are sadly demode and coiffures may be according to taste. Although the film was a gloomy affair in which the hero narrowly escapes intimate contact with the electric chair, the audience liked it and said so. And the Sing Sing audience is the hardest-boiled in the world. They have some show or other every night. The best pictures are projected. Famous actors come to dance and sing to them. They have their favorite stars, even as you and I.

Some of us were up in the air over one pre-view. Yes, you guessed. An airplane, one of the new passenger planes with such trimmings as upholstered chairs and radio, took off from Mitchell Field one afternoon, and when it was several thousand feet above Long Island — high enough to prevent any captious critic from crawling away—a Warner picture was thrown on its miniature screen. When the idea of showing a movie in the air was first submitted, some cheerful party mentioned that the bird which was to bear the reviewers was known as the Flying Coffin — an ill-fated airplane which had previously cut up with its cargo. The Warners, just to prove they had the best of intentions, chartered another, and there were no casualties, not even in the reviews.

The combination of Irene Rich, all of the Warner Brothers, and there are quite a few, Vincent Lopez and Ernst Lubitsch's latest production, was the attraction at the Casa Lopez not long ago. The new supper-club was doubtless a bit put out when its manager, Mr. Lopez, caused a projection booth and machine and a screen to be rigged up, but it recovered in time to present a suave appearance to welcome its guests. After a dinner-dance, the screen was disclosed, chairs were pushed back, and "*Lady Windermere's Fan*" became the centre of attraction, even though the guest of honor, Miss Rich, was right there and the very new Mrs. Sam Warner, formerly Lina Basquette of the Ziegfeld Follies, was also present.

Following the lead of the stage producers, some of the film companies try out their new pictures in the suburbs. First National first presented "*Winds of Chance*" at Irving Lesser's de luxe theatre in Great Neck, Long Island. Limousined to one of the more exclusive roadhouses, we had some of that Long Island duckling you have all heard so much about, proceeded in state to



Charles Ray has the leading rôle in "The Auction Block," Rex Beach's famous novel.

the theatre, saw the picture, and were conveyed home, so that all our neighbors, seeing us Rolls up, became convinced we were subsidized at last.

In fact, there are pre-views *and* pre-views. F'instance, Famous Players gave no official special showing of "*Peter Pan.*" Instead, we had a pre-view of its star, Betty Bronson. Few of us had ever seen the child who was Paramount's permanent Christmas gift to the world. In curls and ruffles, she captivated. Her party was a dinner-dance. There was a big Christmas tree, a fat and jovial Santa Claus, and best of all, besides Betty, there were Peters and Wendies recruited from the chorus of New York's most refined musical comedy.

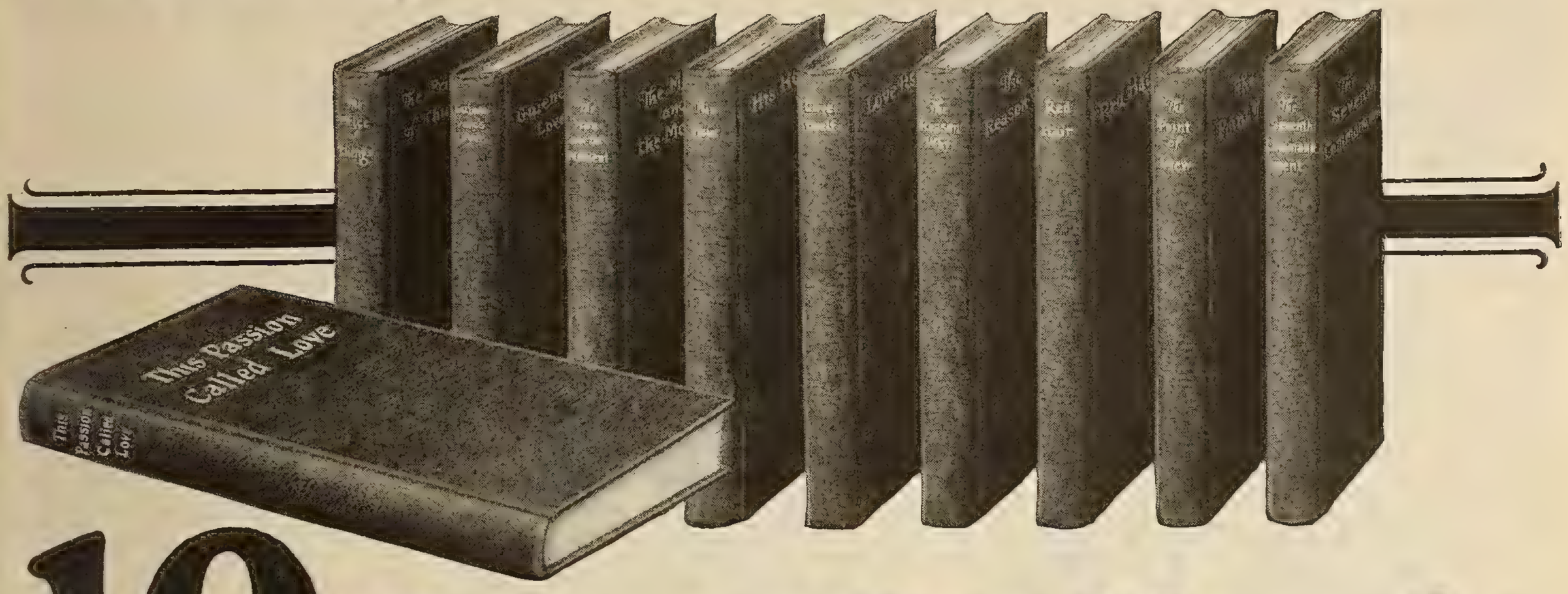
When Gloria and Hank returned from Europe she had a party which was graced with all the wit and beauty and gallantry of movie circles—and the reviewers.

Pola Negri was guest of honor at a similar function, which also served to introduce Michael Arlen to movie circles. He danced a lot with our Bebe, but since he allowed the reviewers to call him Mike, he was forgiven.

The pre-view, whether of picture or star, does a lot to promote good feeling. After all, what are critics and editors and reviewers except liaison officers between you, the audience, and the people who make your pictures? Rudy Valentino came to New York with "*The Eagle*" under his arm; he appeared with the picture at the Strand one Sunday afternoon and then took his professional audience with him to his apartments for tea.

Pre-views are the thing. And a good thing, too. Everybody likes them — that is, almost everybody. You're bound to find some soul who will object that all the fun and feasting occur when other honest working-people are in their beds, having called it a day—besides, The Wife is always nagging for a new spangled dress just like the one worn by the star at the premier of — what was the name of that picture? But the few objections have been lost in the loud cries of "Bigger and better and *more* pre-views." The plump, rosy cheeks of the reviewers shine in silent gratitude to their big brothers, the producers. Some of the critics even own their own dinner-suits now.

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Bill Colling's Reviews—*Continued from page 57*

the stage farce, "*The First Year.*" Br'er Fox has made a movie of it, but something slipped in the making. "*The First Year*" on the screen has only part of the humor of the original, but it has a great deal of overdrawn "comedy" which makes the story (which had some semblance of reality on the stage) a poor counterfeit of life.

It would also be a good idea for my friend to stay away from D. W. Griffith's latest, "*That Royle Girl*"; but oh, boy, and likewise oh, girl, who cares about "life" when he can see a thrilling, melodramatic climax such as the scenes at the Boar's Head Inn during the cyclone? This is one class of film — sheer melodrama — which sets aside all rules. It attempts only a semblance of everyday realism and centers its attention only on working up to a big, smashing thrill. And believe me, it gets there! The rest of the story is just so much tripe, made interesting by the splendid characterization of the Royle girl by Carol Dempster and by the comedy of the inimitable W. C. Fields; but when the girl is trapped by gangsters at the inn, after getting the well-known evidence which will free the man unjustly convicted of murder, and when she escapes into the raging cyclone and the inn is demolished about the heads of the villains after they capture her and throw her into the cellar — wow! Nothing like it ever happened, really, but who cares? Not this unsophisticated reviewer, for one.

Coming back to earth, there's a good bit of real truth in "*Braveheart,*" one of the most sincere and convincing pictures seen in many a day. It's from the old stage play, "*Strongheart,*" in which these old eyes saw Robert Edeson star a score of years ago. Edeson is also in the cast of the film version, but this time as the father of the heroine. Rod La Rocque now plays the Indian brave who goes to the white man's college and who, after being unjustly dishonored at school and cast out of his tribe, redeems himself by rescuing the girl and retrieving the fortunes of his fellow redmen. It was a good story twenty years ago, and it's a good one now.

As for the romance between the Indian and the white girl, inter-racial love is no new thing. Romance of "*Braveheart,*" however, ends in a parting — but it is not a sad ending; rather a wistful one which will bring sentimental sighs to the lips of the fair patrons. Looking at "*Braveheart*" through the eyes of my cynical friend, I could find very few instances of movieism, and these only when they were necessary for plot development.

I'm going to drag the aforementioned friend to see Rod in this picture, hoping to silence his supercritical objections; but I hope they don't show "*The Golden Strain*" on the same bill, for if he ever sees that one, he'll kid the well-known raiment off me. "*The Golden Strain*" is a Movie with a capital M, so completely saturated with improbabilities (a two-dollar word meaning hokum) that it wouldn't carry conviction even to those innocents who put their trust in the government weather forecasts. From beginning to end there isn't one incident of the main plot to which one might point and say, "I knew of a case like that." Not that it isn't entertaining — it is, very. But it just isn't "real" in the sense that corned beef and cabbage are real.

You really can't compare pictures dealing with the great open spaces to life; in the first place, as Richard Dix has shown us in his "*Womanhandled,*" the west isn't that way any more; and in the second place, these films are built with one idea in mind — action, and the verities are necessarily and quite justifiably sacrificed to make a thrill-fan's holiday. As a matter of fact, it was a pretty useless thing for me to pay any attention at all to my friend's carping, because when you get right down to it, movies are movies and are made for movie fans, and it's a well-known fact that you can't make realism out of imagination. The only man who ever did it was Frankenstein, and look what happened to him!

The Social Life of Screen Folks—*Continued from page 59*

Priscilla wasn't contending, though. If she had been, there would probably have been no chance for anybody else.

Priscilla has grown so sylphlike, you would hardly know her, and she wears black lately a great deal, looking perfectly gorgeous in it.

Somebody asked Priscilla Dean whether she is going to divorced — her husband is Wheeler Oakman, you know — and she said no, she was afraid she might be foolish and get married again if she got a divorce from Wheeler!

Dorothy Farnum was there, looking altogether too pretty for a writer. She should be in pictures herself.

Mary Aitken was sewing on a baby dress for her expected little one. She is sweeter than ever with approaching motherhood, and is so happy over the expected event.

WILLIAM HAINES played a trick on Patsy on Christmas Day. He called her up on the phone. "Is this Capitol 1306? I want to speak to Mary."

"You have the wrong number," responded Patsy. "There is no Mary here."

"Oh, I thought that maybe Merry Christmas was there!" answered Billie.

"Who is it speaking?" demanded Patsy indignantly.

"This is Hap," answered the voice.

Again Patsy bit. "Hap who?" she asked.

"Happy New Year," answered the voice.

And he wouldn't tell his name. Patsy thought and thought, but it wasn't until Billie's roses arrived Christmas afternoon that she realized to whom that voice belonged!

YOU might really think that this was an Only Their Wives Party," declared Patsy, as we listened to the chatter around Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn's lunch table. You know by this time, or at least you ought to know, that Mrs. Goldwyn is Frances Howard on the stage and screen. Only of course she isn't on the stage and screen any more and says that she is completely happy just being a nice wife and home maker.

"Nearly everybody here," Patsy confided, "has fame in her own name, but just the same each lady insists on talking about her husband."

Mr. and Mrs. Goldwyn have taken the house that Betty Compson lived in before Betty married James Cruze and went to live in that gorgeous Spanish house in Flintridge. It is a lovely mansion on Hollywood Boule-

How I Earn Money at Home

And In This Way Make Up For George's Shrinking Salary

Every Wife or Self-Supporting Girl Can Use Extra Money. Many Are Now Making It Themselves—Right at Home—How Auto Knitting Pays Three Ways

By MARY WHITMAN

"MY dear, you should have seen her at church this morning. She looked positively 'dowdy.' It's a shame! Mary used to be such a well dressed girl — until she married that bank clerk. I should think he'd feel—"

"Sh-h-h! She's on this car. Over behind you. She might hear."

But I *had* heard—and my face flushed red with resentment and shame. It was true—I *did* look "dowdy"—and I knew it.

I got off the street car at the next corner and walked the remaining blocks to my home—and George. My cup of bitterness had spilled over, and I needed a few minutes to choke back my tears that wanted to run down my burning cheeks.



"It helped us over the hard spots by turning spare hours into extra dollars"

I didn't want to make George feel worse than he did already about our money situation. My husband is one of the "white collar men" whose salaries haven't kept pace with the mounting cost of living. I had sometimes hinted to George that I would be glad to take my old position again, but he had always vetoed the idea strenuously.

But the bitter experience of this Sunday morning was too much. I resolved as I walked home I was going to find a way to make extra money for clothes.

When I got home I was prepared to be cheerful as usual, but George was comfortably smoking and absorbed in his Sunday paper, and his contentment somehow irritated me terribly. To make matters worse he held up the magazine-picture section of the paper as I came into the room, and remarked that he had never seen the girls wear "such good-looking duds as they do this year."

I lost my temper, snatched the paper from him and cried, "If you like to see nice clothes so much, why don't you buy your wife some of them?"

Then I rushed to my room, still carrying the magazine section of the paper, shut the door, and threw myself across the bed for a good cry. George came and knocked and spoke to me, but I wouldn't let him in.

After a while I sat up, and idly began to turn the pages of the paper I had taken away from George. All of a sudden I sat up straighter and gasped. A woman was looking out of the page at me, holding a bank check in her hand, and across the top of the page were the words, "How I Make Money—Right at Home—Auto Knitting Pays Three Ways."

That night I mailed the coupon from that advertisement of The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company.

To make my story short, I found their prospectus so convincing and reasonable that I sent for and received the wonderful little machine, the Auto Knitter.

While George was at the bank, I used it every minute I could spare from my housework. At the end of a month I sent my first shipment of soft, warm, well-knit wool socks to the company's hosiery department. By return mail came a check in payment.

Well, I kept on knitting socks — but after a little while not many of them went to the company, for when I let my friend Gracia into my secret and showed her the socks, she immediately exclaimed: "I know where we can sell them right here in town and nobody need even know who made them!" It worked out fine. I sold them and soon had calls for more. I found I could make more money selling them in this way than I could sending my standard socks to the company.

Then one day, as we were ready to go out, I presented myself before George in a pretty, new accordion-pleated frock which I had seen advertised in Park & Taylor's sale and a fancy little sweater I had made up myself with the aid of the Auto Knitter.

His mouth opened wide and he just stared at me in admiration. Finally, he managed to say: "Where did you get them, Mary?"

"I earned them myself," I replied brightly, not just sure how he would take the news.

"The sweater, too?" he inquired, and I knew he was thinking what an extravagant lot such a sweater must have cost.

"Well, the sweater—" I answered, "the sweater I really made myself!"

"But, Mary, I didn't know you could knit like that!"

"I couldn't by hand, George," I replied, "but I learned to do it another way."

George looked for a moment as if I had said I had stolen my new things. But then I made him sit down and listen to my story.

Then I took the light, portable Auto Knitter out of the closet and showed George how it worked. I had had enough practice by that time, so that I made a sock so quickly that George's eyes almost dropped out of his head.

"And you say the Company's hosiery department will buy the socks from you?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied, "they will take my entire surplus of standard socks at a guaranteed price, but the best of it is that I can sell my work right here at home and make even more than by sending it to the company, to say nothing of the money I can save by making our own knitted wear just as I made this sweater."

George was certainly astonished, said he had no objection to my continuing the work. In fact, he was secretly proud of my ability. So I kept right on making clever little knitted articles for my daughter, socks for George and knitted novelties for home sale. When spring and summer came I took up the knitting of fancy, sport and golf stockings, so that I really had very little knitting to sell to the company, although they helped me in every way, even sending me a booklet telling how to build up my own home knitting business.

Now, I can have the pretty things I want for myself, for Helen and for the house—and I don't have to feel "guilty" when I buy them, because I am not obliged to touch a cent of what I call "the family money"—the money that George makes.

Whenever I hear a woman complaining about the high cost of living and clothes, I always try to tell her how the Auto Knitter will help her to make and save money at home in spare time.

No matter where you live, I feel sure that you want to know all about the Auto Knitter that has meant so much to us. By all means write to The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company at once and find out about this home industry waiting for you. Find out what others have done with the aid of the Auto Knitter and what it offers you. Send your name and address on the coupon below—no obligation of any sort. The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company, Inc., Dept. 2213, 630 Genesee Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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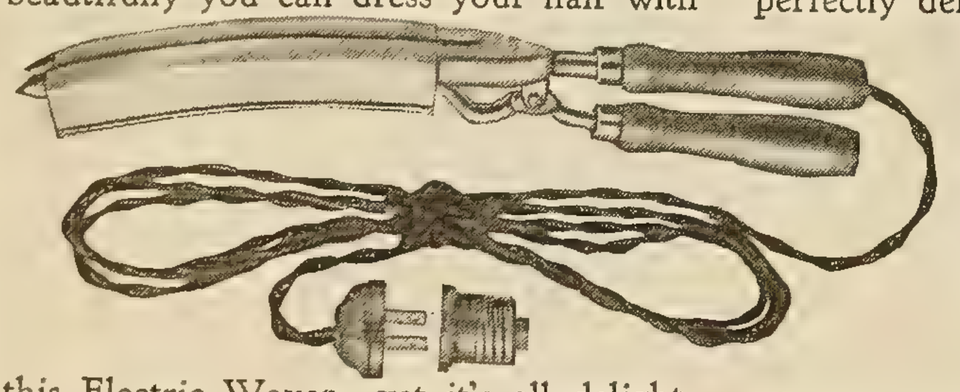
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vard, and has a marvelous garden at the back, with a big lawn in the front of the place.

Leta Gray, who is Mrs. Charlie Chaplin, was there, and didn't deny that she is looking forward to the stork's visit again. She is gorgeously lovely these days — far prettier than she was as a girl. And what a sense of humor she has!

Leta told us of a trip that she, Charlie and Elinor Glyn took down to Tia Juana to see the races, and how night, through an accident to their motor, found them on the road. They put up at a funny little inn, where the beds were none too clean. Leta fell asleep at once. In the morning she peeped into Mrs. Glyn's room, and found that fastidious lady asleep, but fully dressed, even to hat and gloves!

She says that Charlie is one of those husbands who is good tempered even in the morning. And of course it goes without saying that he is crazy about his baby.

Mildred Lloyd told us about her baby, too, and about how the youngster pretends that she is acting in pictures. As to managing her famous husband, Harold Lloyd, she says that he is perfectly ideal. But all the same, when she has been unusually extravagant about a dress or fur coat, if he happens to notice the garment, she just says, "Why, dearie, this is old! You never do notice what I have on anyway!"

Mrs. Sam Goldwyn is a perfectly adorable hostess, so pretty and young and slim and full of life.

"Aren't you ever going back on the stage?" somebody asked her.

"Oh, I don't think so. You see, my husband never saw me act, and he thinks that on the stage I'm a good actress. I don't want to disillusion him."

Mrs. Goldwyn keeps in form by going horseback-riding. That brought it to Mrs. Montague Glass's memory that both Mrs. Goldwyn and her husband are perfectly wild riders.

"But Mr. Goldwyn told me I was perfectly dreadful as a rider," said his wife, "never once realizing that he himself is just as bad. Neither of us rides conventionally at all. We just stick on and go any old how."

HARRY CAREY always keeps open house at his great 3,000-acre ranch near Saugus, California, between Christmas and New Year's. You are welcome to drop in any time you wish, from dewey morn to midnight within those seven days. It is exactly like the old California days of the Spanish population. On one or two days a barbecue is held. On other days you go hunting or horseback-riding, or just stay at home and sit around the big open fireplace. Always there are food and Christmas cheer.



¶ Jacqueline Logan bargaining with an Indian "on location."

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As an extra special offer to those who hurry their order for the 77-piece combination outfit offered below, we shall include in addition, *absolutely* **free,** this entire 7-piece set of GENUINE CUT GLASS, Pitcher of 2 qt. capacity and 6 tumblers of 9 oz. capacity. Each piece is pure, sparkingly clear, thin and dainty. **Hand cut decorations** consisting of large floral design with appropriate foliage. Useful for water or other beverages; set makes a handsome display with your other glassware. A limited number given FREE—as an introductory offer during this special sale. **Send coupon today** while this offer lasts.

84 pieces-all for $1.00 Down

- 44 Piece Bluebird Dinner Set
- 26 Piece Sheffield Plate Silver Set
- 7 Piece Bluebird Tablecloth and Napkins *AND*

7 Pieces Genuine Cut Glass FREE Besides



30 Days Trial

Combination Outfit Consists of: **77 Pieces**

44-Piece Bluebird Dinner Set Has delicately tinted design of Bluebirds and foliage in natural colors. Each piece is twice fired and has a snow flake white glaze of great brilliancy which cannot craze. The set consists of 6 cups, 6 saucers, 6 dinner plates, 9 in. diameter; 6 fruit saucers, 5 in. diameter; 6 oatmeal nappies, 6 in. diameter; 6 salad plates, 6 in. diameter; 1 meat platter, 10¾ in. long; 1 round vegetable dish, 9 in. diameter; 1 cream pitcher, 1 pt.; 1 sugar bowl and cover, (2 pieces); 1 butter plate; 1 utility bowl, 1 pt.; 1 pickle dish, 6 in. in diameter. Each piece has a dainty blue edge and is beautifully shaped.

26 Piece Silver Set A silver service of Sheffield Plate that will give years of satisfaction. A pleasing pattern and popular polished finish. Each piece heavily silver plated. Set consists of 6 knives, 6 forks, 6 tablespoons, 6 teaspoons, 1 sugar shell, 1 butter knife. Packed in a convenient flannel roll as illustrated.

7 Piece Tablecloth and Napkins A large table cloth 60x60 in. and 6 napkins, 18x18 in., made of strong, durable linen finished cotton in pure snow flake white that will launder beautifully. All edges neatly scalloped with overlapped stitch in blue. Both tablecloth and napkins have handpainted design of Bluebirds and Apple Blossoms in their natural color, absolutely guaranteed fast colors. Harmonizes perfectly with dish set.

And remember:—The 7-Piece Genuine Cut Glass Set is FREE, if you send at once. Shipping weight of entire outfit about 60 lbs.

Order by No. G8498A. $1.00 with coupon; $2.00 monthly. Total Price $19.90.

Free Bargain Catalog of Home Furnishings on credit sent with or without order. See coupon.

A sensational offer—to show how Straus & Schram smashes the spot cash price while giving almost a year to pay! Here's an outfit of 77 pieces, things you need and use in your household every day—and a 7 piece set of Genuine Cut Glass FREE, if you order now—at a price you could not equal in your home town. We'll ship this complete outfit—84 pieces in all—direct to your home on 30 days trial for only $1.00 down. Examine the quality, the beauty, the durability of each piece. Then compare prices—see how much more the local dealer asks for cash. After 30 days trial and use, if you're not delighted with the bargain, send the outfit back and we'll refund your dollar plus all transportation charges you paid. No obligation—not one penny of risk to you!

$2.00 a Month

If you decide to keep the outfit, start paying only $2.00 a month until you've paid our rock bottom price—only $19.90 for the entire 77 piece outfit with the 7 piece Cut Glass Set FREE. 84 pieces in all—only $19.90—and almost a year to pay! Where else can you find a bargain like that and on such liberal terms?

Send Coupon Now

We have made up only a limited number of these combination outfits for this special sale. Send the coupon quick, while this offer lasts. Only $1.00 deposit brings the outfit on 30 days' trial. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. (We do not ship C. O. D.)

Straus & Schram, Dept. 2142 Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find $1. Ship special advertised 77 piece Combination Outfit, with 7-piece genuine cut glass set FREE. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the Outfit, I will pay you $2.00 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the Outfit with the 7-piece cut glass set within 30 days and you are to **refund my money** and any freight or express charges I paid.

☐ **77 piece Combination Outfit, No. G8498A, $19.90. 7-Pieces Genuine Cut Glass FREE.**

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I dropped in the Sunday following Christmas, and found Jack Ford and his wife, Clarence Brown and his wife, and a number of others. Everybody acted like a kid — more like kids than the Carey kids themselves did. Clarence Brown beat a drum and the dignified Jack Ford put an Indian rug around him and played he was a wild Indian. Afterward the Indian servants which surround the place did a war dance for us on the front lawn.

The moonlight on the valley was lovely, as we sat on the verandah talking far into the night. I think it was Erwin Connelly who spoke up and asked Harry Carey, "How did you ever happen to fall into such a lovely spot? It's a super-scenic!"

BUT going back to the subject of teas: The combination tea-baby-shower is very popular in Hollywood these days. Just now everybody is giving Mary Aitken baby showers. She is Mrs. Edwin Carewe, you know. Leatrice Joy held the last tea-baby-shower, and I'm sure that the little Carewe heir or heiress, as the case may be, has bootees enough to last it until it grows old.

Another tea-shower was given to Mary by Kathleen Clifford, and everybody contributed, including Vilma Banky, Mrs. Del Rio, and Lilyan Tashman.

Speaking of Lilyan Tashman — who in private life is Mrs. Edmund Lowe — sh! — there is a whisper going around that the stork is going to pay a visit at that home one of these days!

As Generous As She Is Lovely

(*Continued from page 35*)

For beautiful it is — and you don't merely have to take our word for it. Just look at the accompanying photographs.

It is a tiny thing, oblong in shape, and is of fine, white gold, with a delicate inlaid design in black enamel. Of its construction, we learned from Miss Mackaill that it has a seventeen-jewel Swiss movement, a three-piece case, making it possible to open the back as well as the front, and a triple adjustment — which means that it is adjusted to three different positions . . . an important thing in a wrist-watch. Altogether, it is a watch which will undoubtedly prove as useful as it is ornamental.

And think of it, Miss Mackaill gives this watch for a letter!

There are some players who let their directors guide them completely in their screen work. There are still others who let their screen public help them in their decisions. In this latter group Dorothy Mackaill most decidedly belongs.

"I can't tell you how eagerly I wait for letters after the release of each picture," she said. "I want to know what my fan friends think of my work, of the picture as a whole, of the type of part I play in it. I have some correspondents who write me after almost every picture, and upon whose judgment I have come to depend more than a little. You know, most folks think they have to be polite above all else; but what we really want is sincerity.

"For myself, I like to feel that I can take criticism in the friendly spirit in which it is offered and not look for sugar-coated flattery. There is nothing more demoralizing to an actress than to receive praise where it is not deserved, and on the other hand nothing more encouraging than to receive recognition of truly good work.

"I hope whoever gets the watch will remember that. And I hope, too, that once in a while, when she looks to see what time it is, she will think of me."

The Fairest of the Frails

(*Continued from page 33*)

Never more. The material is pinned to fit that little form snugly. Fitted here, pulled there, tight, tighter, until Alberta can hardly get her breath. She is then carefully surveyed by her mother and her beautiful, golden, pink-and-white sister, Adamae, about whom we'll tell you some other time. "I think, Albertie" — they call her Albertie at home — "I think, Albertie," her mother will suggest, "you could stand it just a wee bit tighter around the waist." "No, mother! no more. I can hardly get my breath. I've got enough sex-appeal" — wickedly, and she will walk the length of the room, her hands on her hips, with that mischievous, naughty, gamin smile on her face, swaying her hips ever so slightly . . . while your heart stands still for fear she'll burst the dress in some embarrassing place. But Mrs. Vaughn's dresses never burst. She's as good a dressmaker as she is a mother.

The evening before we left Hollywood, Alberta gave us a farewell party. Everybody in Hollywood came. Alberta did not wear one of her tight-fitting, "sexy" dresses, but a charming organdie frock of pale pink, with a tight bodice and a flare skirt. Pale-blue doeskin slippers and a little sky-blue ribbon in her hair completed this utterly charming ensemble. Several of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors attended the party, among them George O'Hara, Bob Custer, Ralph Ceder, the brilliant young director of the "*Mazie*" series, Sam Wolf, Hollywood's youngest and most brilliant attorney (Commission, Sammy, for the free publicity?) and a score of others, all of whom besieged the charming child all evening. That is, till eleven o'clock. At that ungodly hour, Alberta's father looked meaningly at the clock, meaningly at Alberta, and then:

"Alberta, time to go to bed. You have a call for tomorrow at eight." Which, translated into English, means that shooting started an hour earlier than usual on the morrow. We told you of Alberta's eagerness to get on the set in the morning, which accounted in no small measure, no doubt, for her docile obedience as she bid good night to one and all and quietly trotted off to bed. And the party continued till the wee hours of the morning, while Alberta slumbered peacefully and well.

We hope we have drawn a vivid, startling, lifelike picture of the wild life that is led by these wild, wild girls of Hollywood!



May McAvoy and Leslie Fenton in "The Road to Glory."

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Andrew Harcharek, Lyon, Pa.: My trial is up and I have decided to keep the Metrodyne. Four of my friends want to buy Metrodynes.

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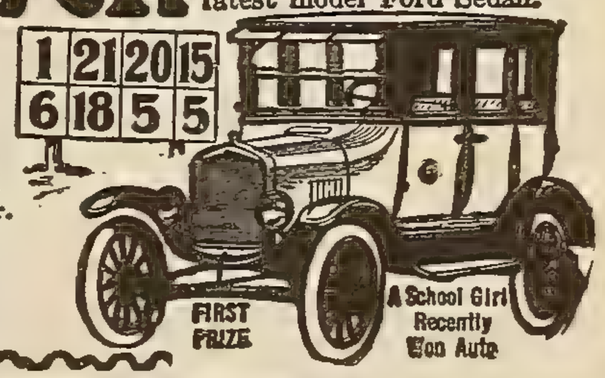
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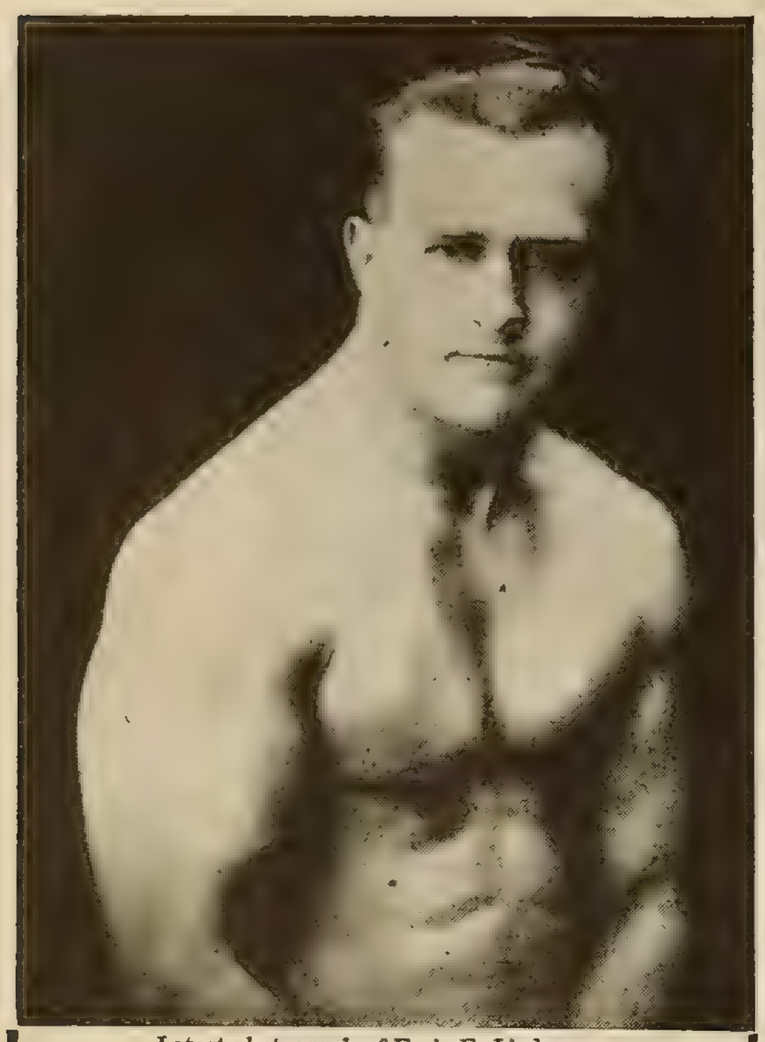
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How Do Your Measurements Compare with These?

Height	5 feet 9 inches
Weight without clothes	158 pounds
Neck	17 inches
Biceps	16½ "
Chest	47¾ "
Waist	32 "
Forearm	13 "
Thigh	23½ "
Calves	15½ "
Wrist	6¾ "

Look in your mirror this very night and see what it tells you. Would you be proud to have your picture produced in these columns? How does it compare with the illustrations and measurements shown herewith? Your outward physical appearance reflects your internal condition. If you do not show a daily improvement outwardly, you must not be deceived. Your body is being consumed and you are clogging up like the stagnant pool. Stop then where you are. Get a grip on yourself this very minute. Let this be the start of new life and physical perfection, for it is yours if you will accept it.

You can easily obtain these proportions and perhaps better them if you really set your mind to it. Many of my pupils are stronger and have larger measurements than I have. Why not give me a chance to help you make the most of yourself? I have developed thousands of boys and men, taken many of them when they were physical wrecks—more dead than alive—and trained them into powerful athletes. Wouldn't you like me to do the same for you? No matter what your condition is at present, I CAN DO IT—now it is up to you to let me.

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A Screen Celebrity

(*Continued from page 29*)

have kept her all girl, in spite of the adulation of fans — she gets great piles of fan letters now — and the other things about studio life that sometimes swell craniums of little schoolgirls who happen to get before the camera. But not little Sally — she's too wise.

Everybody at the studio loves Sally; everyone from the old fellow who cleans the walks to Louis B. Mayer, head of the studio, has a cheerful smile for her, and frowns vanish when she romps past them. That's Sally. Her eyes laugh, and they echo a soul that laughs.

She's youth personified, with the buoyancy and effervescence that only a healthy, normal girl with a lovable soul can have.

She wants to go ahead with all the ambition that fires youth.

"I want to know things, and do things," is how she puts it. And she's always listening and watching and studying.

She finds time to dance and play, too — and, after all, one can't blame her. Dancing is what put her where she is.

If she hadn't been dancing, where Mickey Neilan could see her, that night, she'd still be in high school, perhaps mildly curious about screen stars and their alluring and mysterious calling.

As it is, she's on the inside looking out; and she's found that being a film star isn't any different from being human, after all.

She was animatedly discussing a new phase of the Charleston when I was introduced to her at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. Her smile changed to a rather curious look as I asked her about herself and explained that I was interviewing her.

"How do other people on the screen act when they're interviewed?" she queried. "And do you know Norma Talmadge? I read a beautiful interview by her the other day, but I couldn't think up all the clever things to say that she did."

We chatted back and forth, her conversation consisting mostly of questions. She pondered over the answers and fixed me with those big blue orbs.

"You've been to college, haven't you?" she asked.

I pleaded guilty.

She fished in the bag she carried. "Then," she demanded, "maybe you can show me how to do this algebra problem — it's only third-year high school stuff."

I examined it — one of those simultaneous equations that brought back memories of bitter hours in the high school classroom.

And — maybe it was Sally's eyes — or maybe lack of practice. But I couldn't remember a single darned thing about how those problems were done.

"Well, er — I studied medicine," I countered.

"Oh!" she answered. Again she pondered. "What'll cure my spaniel of a cold?"

You can't beat Sally O'Neil. Whatever you may know, she wants to know it. She's a delightful little living question mark, with dimples that allure and eyes that smile, and a nimble little brain that searches right through you. It's that same nimble little brain that's ever storing up scraps of knowledge in the pigeonholes in her cranium, to be fished out and used some time in the future in a rôle — or to cure a sick puppy — or work an algebra problem.

Irish wit and a definite purpose, plus an infinite capacity for work — they'll carry Sally far and make her many friends.

You just can't help loving Sally — she's that kind of a Sally!



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There is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well — which kind is yours?

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I'll Find A Way

(*Continued from page 43*)

where she belonged. That was for later, perhaps.

"Why — Jimmy!"

He stumbled to his feet. She was standing there; and he was proud, for a fleeting moment, of the admiring way in which the eyes of the supper-club devotees followed her to his table. He pulled out a chair.

"John tells me you've been back here for a week," he began. "What's the big idea?"

"It just didn't work," she said. "I had to come back here—or starve."

"What didn't work?" Jimmy demanded. "Don't tell me Kaltman turned you down?"

"He didn't even get the chance. Mr. Kaltman's quite busy now, you know. He's taken over the Odeon Theatre and his revue has started. He's only at the studio half the time ——"

"Good Heavens, I know all that," Jimmy groaned. "But why didn't he see you? I told him to."

She smiled at his naive confidence.

"I suppose — I just suppose that wasn't enough, Jimmy," she faltered. "Possibly I'm not as good as you thought."

"You're not, eh? *Possibly* not!" Jimmy grunted belligerently. "Striped mackerel, kid, you stop 'em all! Did Kaltman ever see you, with those eyes, and those lips — *and* that hair ——!"

Suddenly he jerked up. "Tell me the truth. Why didn't Kaltman see you?"

The girl looked away, her eyes on the dancing space, filled now with elbowing couples.

"Do you know — Alys Vane?" she asked in a far-off voice.

"Alys Vane? Why not? She's the prima donna of Kaltman's revue venture. Of course I know her. Why?" he demanded sharply.

She turned back to him. "I worked with Miss Vane once, in a musical comedy, in Chicago. I had a song, just before hers—and she had it taken out of the show, finally. The critics — I'm not boasting, Jimmy, please! — the critics said I stole her scene. She's hated me ever since." Peggy hesitated. "Do you see now — or don't you? When I went to see Mr. Kaltman, Miss Vane was there."

"Do I see? — rather! And she was as far as you got!"

"Exactly. I went back again, and found her there again. She was quite angry, and she gave orders that I wasn't to be admitted the next time."

Jimmy sat back, his jaw grim. "That's—that! Kaltman and Alys. I knew they were pretty old-pally; but I didn't know she had him under her thumb like that. If that's the case, there wouldn't even be any use in my taking you up to Maurice personally; she'd ruin everything."

"Doesn't that finish it, Jimmy?" she murmured at last.

"Finish it?" he repeated, startled out of his lethargy. "I should say not. I've told you you've got the stuff, haven't I? I'll have to prove it now, even to you. But with a woman to fight, it means we've gotta use finesse. Finesse, little one; put your money on Papa Jimmy."

He stopped as he felt the cool little hand in his contract with a tiny, graceful pressure, and for the first time in several minutes he looked up to meet Peggy's eyes. They were wide and lustrous, fixed on him with a look of intense admiration.

"Jimmy, win or lose — you're wonderful!" she whispered.

"If you say I am," he declared huskily,



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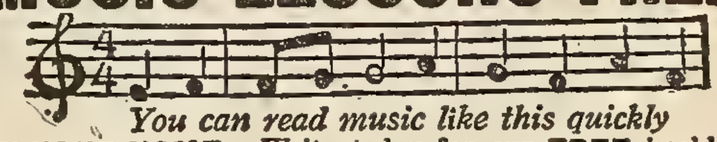
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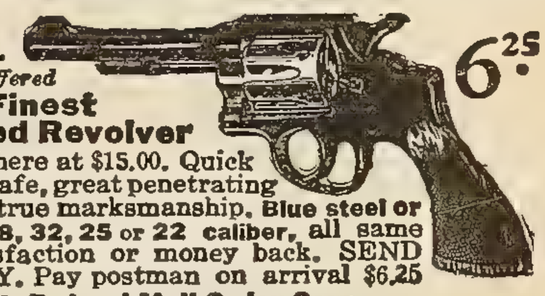


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"I'd like to see the guy that tries to tell me I'm not!"

He turned and beckoned the waiter. In a moment he was on his feet. "Tomorrow night — right here," he whispered. "I may have some news; but anyway, be prepared to do whatever I say."

"But what are you going to do?" she demanded.

He shook his head. "I don't know. Haven't the faintest idea. Except that since you said so, it's got to be something — wonderful!"

JIMMY WELLS' repertoire of things to do in emergencies was confined to a multitude of successful press agent stunts. But the present occasion demanded, as he had said, finesse.

He had never really tried it before, he confessed to himself. But then, he hadn't tried press-agenting before he did it. The first move, however, he was not long in doubt about. It entailed an audience with Kaltman and was the most logical step.

Kaltman, however, was not at the studio when Jimmy presented himself at noon. He considered. Then, "Might as well look over the enemy's ground," he told himself philosophically, and headed for the Odeon Theatre.

The revue, which starred Alys Vane, was well under way when Jimmy Wells slipped past the doorman with a grin and sidled into an empty seat near the back of the house. He watched without any expression on his face as the prima donna sang her way creditably through three successful numbers.

Then, near the end of the show, the press agent sat up with renewed interest. It was the star's scene. With practised eyes, Jimmy watched the stage being emptied inconspicuously for her solo number. The orchestra drifted into the melody, a catchy, lilting little tune with all the elements of popularity in it.

Alys Vane, blond, tall — superbly beautiful in a cold, statuesque manner, stretched out her arms as if to embrace the entire audience and Jimmy grunted.

"Ingenue stuff," he observed under his breath. "Why won't they keep inside their own talents?"



H. B. Warner comes back to the screen in "Whispering Smith."

But as the number unfolded, he came to understand something of Alys Vane, and to answer his own question. He also solved the reason for the star's enmity toward Peggy.

She didn't want to keep within her own talents!

Like most artists, she was dissatisfied with her measure of success. As a prima donna, cold, aloof, dazzlingly beautiful, she was a success. But Jimmy saw that, deep within her, Alys Vane nursed a desire to be an ingenue — to carry the audience with her like a second Peter Pan or Pollyanna. That was Peggy's stuff, and it was why Alys hated her; because it could never be hers!

The stage darkened while Jimmy sat forward intently. Already a plan was forming in his mind. The lights went out, and on a swiftly lowered screen was flashed the refrain of Alys' song.

Love dreams, like the dew on roses,
Love dreams, and my heart beats true,
Love dreams bring me back to summer;
Summer brings me dreams of you.
Love dreams, and my lips are waiting,
Sweet dreams that are ever new—
Birds sing that it's time for mating
When love dreams make me dream of you.

Alys' beautiful voice—a trained, dispassionate voice—begged the audience to join with her in the refrain. From the front rows one or two half-hearted voices attempted to comply. But the house was silent.

"A flop!" grunted Jimmy, from the rear. "Gee, what Peggy could do with that number!"

In that instant, the idea was born to Jimmy Wells. He got up and passed the doorman with a cheerful nod. Finesse!

To help pass the time, he sought Maurice Kaltman again, this time in the producer's office above the theatre. The attempt was more successful. Kaltman had him shown in when he sent in his name.

When his press agent came in, the owner of Pacific Films and the Odeon Theatre looked up from behind a wide, glass-covered desk.

"Well?"

Jimmy looked over the rather belligerent figure of his chief — an imposing figure in sober clothes, who had, like the rest of the world, neglected entirely to impress Jimmy.

"I'm back." He swung a leg over the edge of the glas-topped desk, negligently.

"So I see. I thought you'd be glad of a chance to take a vacation until I sent for you. Seen the show?" Kaltman was crisp.

"Just left it. But that wasn't what I came about." Jimmy faced his employer squarely. "Before I went East, I told you I had a find for Pacific Films. You were going to look her over. She didn't even get to you."

"Has she been in?" Kaltman interrupted.

"She has. Twice. Miss Vane saw her and sent her away."

Kaltman frowned. "That appears to end it, then, doesn't it? Miss Vane has a fairly good idea of what we need."

"And of her own personal likes and dislikes, I imagine," Jimmy interposed smoothly. "Miss Moore didn't see you, because —"

Kaltman held up an excessively manicured hand.

"Is this to be a comment on Miss Vane, Jimmy, or have you something to say. I've told you I'm busy, and I'll trust her judgment, if she exerts it."

"She does!" Jimmy swung to his feet. "I don't know who's running your business, Kaltman, but it certainly isn't you —"

Kaltman was on his feet now. His face was grim.

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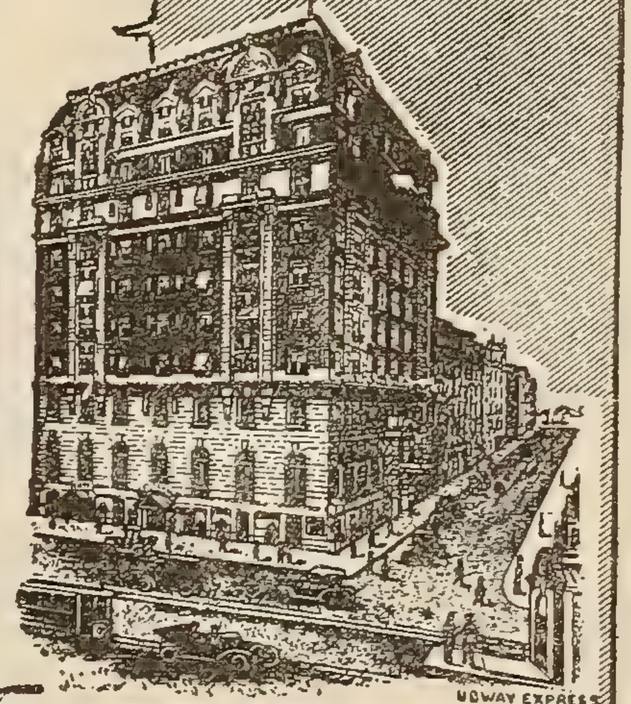
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"You get your checks, don't you? Look here, Jimmy, you're a damn good publicity man, but I have an idea there are others. Stick to your own job, or else leave it. If you don't like my payroll —"

"All right!" Jimmy was smiling. "Can't get me mad that way, chief. I just wanted to give you a chance before somebody else beats you to it. Your checks are good enough for me.. Ta-ta!" He stopped at the door. "The next time I see you, you'll be begging me to get this little girl for you!"

"Rot!" was the ejaculation which followed Jimmy's figure out of the door.

THAT night, Peggy upon completion of her second song, hurried to his table at Rosedale Manor.

"Saw Kaltman," he announced, and explained briefly the interview with his employer. "I also saw Alys Vane's performance and the well-known B. I. was born."

"B. I.?"

"Big Idea," he explained. "The finesse starts tomorrow night." Jimmy leaned across the table. "You don't go on duty here till eleven, do you? Good! I'll meet you in the Odeon lobby at eight-thirty and get you here in time. Ready to do what I say?"

"Any time, Jimmy," she whispered, her eyes on his.

"Gosh, kid!" he gripped both her hands tenaciously in his, across the table. "I simply can't fail. If you could see what I see right now. . . . Peggy, do you know how sweet you are?"

She smiled gently. "It's enough if you think so, Jimmy."

"No it isn't!" he cried. "I'm going to make the world think so first, and then—then if it's still enough—— Gee, Peggy, even being a star isn't good enough for you!"

"I'll be whatever you want to make me—always," she whispered; and Jimmy left the Rosedale a little later with his head in the clouds.

As the first act of Kaltman's revue was about to begin the following evening, he and Peggy slipped into two seats in the second row.

The house hushed as the asbestos sign disappeared in the proscenium overhead. Peggy, her hand inside her companion's, leaned over to whisper.

"You haven't told me yet what I'm to do!"

"Do? Oh, yes. Simply be yourself, for awhile," he returned. "Enjoy the show—if that's possible, up to the second act. Then——" Jimmy leaned across and lowered his voice. "Alys is going to ask the audience to sing a song with her. She flops—cold. It's not her song—it's yours! *Sabe?* When you see that thing on the screen, sing it. You'll be all alone, but sing! That's all. I came along tonight, so you could practise. Tomorrow you're gonna do the same thing, alone!"

Alys Vane tripped through the several sumptuous scenes of the first act with success. There was no doubt that she could act, Jimmy told himself; no doubt that she could sing, either — her own songs. But he waited fretfully for the audience number.

When he heard the opening bars of it, he was sitting forward intently. The stage darkened slowly behind the silver and white figure of the prima donna. The cast unobtrusively disappeared into the wings at either side.

"I've promised the manager that I'd make you all sing with me tonight," came Alys Vane's voice, modulated to something re-

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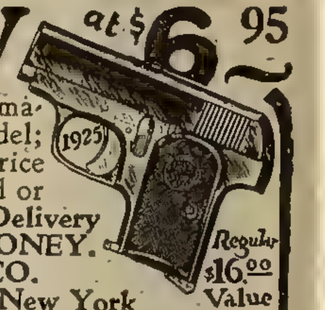
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sembling a coo. "Remember—I've promised!"

Jimmy frowned and glanced about him. There were smiles on the faces of most of the audience; the rest were simply waiting.

The screen came down at the end of the verse, carrying the refrain before all eyes.

"Come on!" dared the star, and she drifted into the words.

A single voice from the left of the house hesitantly began with her — and then stopped, as, from the seat next to Jimmy Wells, there arose a cool, clear voice that was the spirit of the song in its very youth —a voice at once sweet and tender and young.

Before the closing lines, the volume of voices reached to the roof and then the newly built Odeon rocked to a riot of applause such as it had not yet experienced.

Jimmy was breathless while the applause roared on. He could tell, even in the half dark, that there was some confusion about the entrance to the stage. He turned to the girl.

"You're glorious!" he cried. "Come on, let's get out before the lights go on."

Safely off, he turned to her, his eyes shining.

"Perfect—it was perfect!" he exclaimed. "I knew it was your song, but I didn't count on the audience. They were with you—with you, like a bunch o' little sheeplings!"

"But—why did we leave?" she demanded.

"Part of the finesse," he returned. "We're going back tomorrow night—at least you are, and repeat. There were two producers of revues in that audience and one movie man. I think you can safely resign



Anita Stewart and Allan Forrest in "The Prince of Pilsen."

at the Rosedale tonight and make room for someone else."

MAURICE KALTMAN, as Jimmy Wells had foreseen, was present in the wings on the following night. It was there that the latter repaired, at about the time Alys Vane was ready to go on for the audience number.

Jimmy sidled close to where Alys hesitated in the entrance beside the producer.

"If it happens again——" he heard.

"It won't!" boomed Kaltman's voice. "But if it does, I'm going to do something myself. Go on."

The star bit her lip and, forcing a smile, slipped out. Jimmy flattened himself unobtrusively against the wall behind the electrician's box, and waited. He heard the music to *Love Dreams* begin, and watched as the players tumbled backstage through the wings.

The prima donna made her plea to the audience; there was the usual momentary hush, and then she went into her verse. The refrain came. A moment of silence, broken only by her own voice on the first words. Kaltman was craning forward eagerly.

Then suddenly, through the silence, came the first notes of Peggy Moore's voice. For an instant, Alys Vane stopped short. Jimmy heard Kaltman swear under his breath and dash for the rear, where he could see the orchestra seats. The song went on. With the words,

"Love dreams, and my lips are waiting,"

the silence of the audience broke.

The entire house finished the song with Peggy, while Alys Vane stood alone and forgotten in the center of the stage, the white spotlight flooding over her unpityingly.

At the conclusion, there came a wild, tumultuous burst of applause. Peggy's voice lifted into a second chorus as cries for it rang through the house, and a thousand voices joined her. But Jimmy scarcely heard. He was watching Kaltman, who was running about frantically. At last the manager stopped before his assistant electrician.

"Run around front — quickly!" he commanded. "Tell one of the ushers to get that girl — she's in the second row: B-10. Tell him to bring her up to my office—without fail!"

Five minutes afterward the door of Maurice Kaltman's office, on the third floor, was flung open, and Peggy Moore stepped inside, in front of the little, Napoleonic figure behind the big, glass-topped desk. As the door closed, Kaltman looked up with a gasp as he recognized Jimmy Wells.

"What—how——?"

Jimmy smiled. "I told the usher I'd bring Miss Moore up," he explained coolly. "Mr. Kaltman, this is the lady I wanted you to meet— in fact, promised to have you meet— Miss Moore!"

Kaltman blinked rapidly and then his features grew stern.

"It means, I gather, that you've put something over——"

"You misjudge me, chief," Jimmy interrupted. "I simply wanted to make sure you didn't pass up a good bet." He gestured toward the girl. "You wanted to speak to Miss Moore?"

"I did! But not particularly to you!" Kaltman thundered.

Jimmy shook his head. "Nothing doing, Kaltman. I'm Miss Moore's manager. What've you got to offer?"

"Her manager! Confound you, I'm paying you. Miss Moore," Kaltman turned in distress to the girl, "I heard your singing. It's good. I was going to offer you a chance with this company."

Peggy was quite demure. "I'm sorry, Mr. Kaltman; but what Jimmy said was right. I do whatever he says."

The producer turned back to his employe with a baleful eye. "So this is the way you look out for my interests. Very well. We'll talk about that later. Right now, I'll offer Miss Moore a chance in this show—and a contract. Do you want it?"

"No."

"What?"

"I said no. Miss Moore doesn't want to work in musical stuff. Beside, she wouldn't fit here. Miss Vane's got a grudge against her, which is why she didn't get to see you

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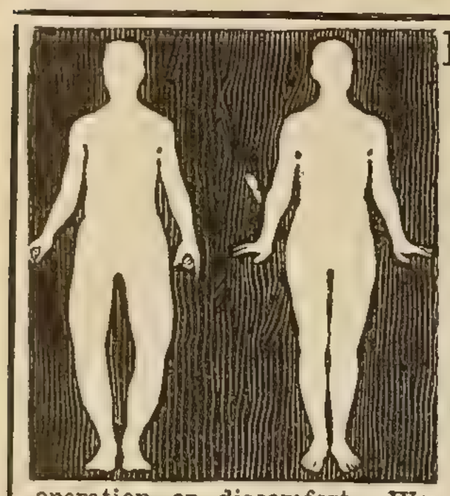
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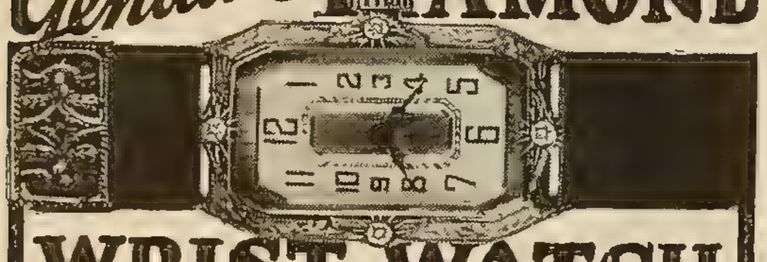
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when I sent her. No musical stuff for my star!" Jimmy smiled disarmingly.

"With that voice," Kaltman demanded, "—no musical stuff?"

"With that face," Jimmy countered, ". . . you'd ask her to sing?"

As Kaltman stared at the girl, Jimmy took two quick strides across the room and was standing over him.

"Here it is, Kaltman. Miss Moore wants a chance in the films. We both know she'll make good."

"But I called her up here for her voice!" Kaltman expostulated angrily. "Suppose I say nothing doing on the films?"

Jimmy smiled. "Two other revue managers have called on her for her voice, since last night," he said. "If she can't get into your films, maybe she'll have to take one of those offers." He spread his hands. "It'll only be a question of time, of course, before she'll make the films."

Kaltman nodded, smiling grimly.

"I understand," he said. "It's a case of giving her a chance in pictures in order to keep her voice quiet. I'll admit she can ruin my show and make another, so I guess you win."

He sighed, his impressive manner vanished.

"Beside, with Miss Vane managing my business, it would be difficult to place her here." Reaching into his desk, he drew out duplicate legal sheets. "Here, I believe, is a contract. I have just one condition. If Miss Vane leaves me — as I think is quite possible,—I must have the option on Miss Moore's singing services until the end of this show. After that—well, come to think of it, there are about three pictures she would fit in."

"Perfect!" agreed Jimmy. "I hope, though, that you'll agree I've been acting in your interests."

"I won't fire you, if that's what you mean," Kaltman retorted. "Chiefly — not because you're so much good to me, but because I'd hate like the devil to have you working against me!"

A few minutes later, they left him alone. The contracts were signed, awaiting only the final legal touches. In the dark hallway outside, faintly illuminated by the reflection of light that came through Kaltman's office window, Jimmy halted and turned to the girl.

"Well, you're made," he announced. "It's up to you from now on—and there's no limit to what you can do.

She came very close to him.

"I didn't care, Jimmy. But I won't do anything, unless it's what you tell me."

"Always? You mean it?"

"Always, Jimmy." She was closer now. "Tell me what to do next."

He breathed deeply and his voice took on a note of infinite longing at the tender, lovely picture she made there, faintly limned by the tiny light.

"Go on and be a star, kid," he said. "After you've had enough of that, I think you'd better come to me——"

He was aware that she was in his arms, that he was suddenly holding her very tightly, and that her sweet, adorable face was upturned to his, her red lips waiting. And so he added,

"——where you belong!"

Books for Fans

(*Continued from page 8*)

being butchered to make a Hollywood holiday. However, Mr. Locke is but one person; picture-goers number millions upon millions. It is to these myriad screen enthusiasts we look to for support and appreciation.

"Read the book, then see the picture. Please do not judge my performance from the 'stunt' angle. Dual rôles usually may be regarded as 'trick stuff'; but I played both Stella Maris and Unity Blake not because I wanted to display my versatility or adeptness at make-up — I simply wanted the novel filmed, and although I loved Stella, I felt so deeply for Unity I didn't want to let people believe I preferred satin to sackcloth.



¶ *Tom Mix and Jacqueline Logan in* "Tony Runs Wild."

Luck Comes Once

Continued from page 27

house on West Forty-seventh Street, New York, is an unusual cafe called the Stage Door Inn. Actresses go there when the tide runs dead against them. They work as waitresses for a few weeks until they have earned sufficient money and courage to tackle the round of managers' offices again. For cash customers like you and me, it's best to enter the Stage Door Inn pretty late, after most of the diners have gone. Those who remain are friends: young actors, an artist or two and fiction-writing denizens of Grub Street who smoke high-powered pipes. The girls dine then. Stars of tomorrow, you'd call them.

Conversation is bandied about the tables 'tween bites.

"I don't see May here tonight."

"No, she's rehearsing. She's got a part with Belasco—well, not exactly a part. She walks on and off; but it's worth fifty dollars a week."

"Esther isn't here tonight, either."

"No." A pause. "Her people sent her enough money to go home, and she went." Another pause, wistful, half-envious, doubtful. "I wonder what I'd do if my people sent me enough to go home—if I had any home."

And that's the Stage Door Inn. The girls are young. But this night an old, unfamiliar face was numbered among them; and with stage or screen folk an old face should not be unfamiliar. You generally remember them. This woman was bafflingly unknown: a figure of gaunt disillusionment, whose gliding smile suggested a hopeless shrug. Somehow we fell into conversation and presently I found myself turning over the pages of a photograph-album containing "stills." Here she was a toothless hag; again she was a motherly soul; here she could have passed for twenty; in the days of witchcraft she would have been burned at the stake for her appearance on the next page. There were a hundred such characterizations, all perfect.

She mentioned her name, and it registered instantly as that of the best-known character woman in English motion pictures. In New York she was stranded and unrecognized. She wanted to return home; she sought just one engagement that would give her enough to pay her passage back.

What I could do was little enough; I could give her a letter to the manager of a New York studio, not that letters of introduction mean anything. She understood that, but the next day she presented her credentials.

Any luck? When I dropped into the Stage Door Inn the following evening to inquire about her, she had gone. No one could say where. Just one year afterwards, exactly two hours before I sat at my typewriter to relate these whimsies of Lady Luck, in fact, I wrote that woman's name very large on the design for one of those huge posters which flaunt fame from the bill-boards. Obviously I cannot tell her name. But please recall the two character actresses who have sprung suddenly into prominence, and decide for yourself who's who. At the studios she had earned her passage money home, but instead she traveled west to Hollywood and surrendered herself to Fate.

Fate—Kismet, as the swarthy Easterns say. "This is my Day of Days wherein I shall roam the skies and plumb the abyss of my destiny."

A fifteen-cent "still" set Ben Lyon on the road to stardom. Older actors can tell a dozen stories of how Opportunity came to them; but I prefer Ben's tale. It's true, because he's still too young to want to dramatize his life. "Besides," said Ben, "I haven't had as tough a time as many of them, outside of having to wait seven years for my chance." For many of those seven years, however, he lived on a dollar a day—car-fare and lunch money—while he pursued Lady Luck from Fort Lee to the Bronx, from studio to studio, without being permitted to pass the gate-keeper. Occasional stage engagements helped; but no one knew him, and his first part in "Potash and Perlmutter" reached him second-or-third-hand after other actors had refused it.

"There was nothing to follow 'Potash'—and I was pretty sick of trying," Lyon related. "I'd scraped up enough money to take a month's vacation and I decided to go to Hollywood, figuring that if I received a chance there I'd accept it; but if not, I'd have had my vacation anyhow.

"Now in 'Potash and Perlmutter' I had appeared in just one 'still' and something kept insisting all day that before I left for the coast I ought to have that 'still'—well, to prove I had been in pictures, I guess.

"First National had released the film; but from where I was, their offices lay at the other end of New York. I wanted that 'still'. Yet I tried to convince myself that it wasn't worth going so far to get it. In the end I went. Back in the First National publicity department I found the lady who filed the photographs, produced fifteen cents, and bought my own 'still'.

"'You're Ben Lyon, aren't you?' she asked as I was going.

"It felt pretty good to be recognized.

"'Why don't you go in and see Mr. Rowland? He might be able to give you an engagement,' she suggested."

R. A. Rowland, producing head of First National, is a pretty shrewd observer of screen possibilities, but when an interview was arranged half an hour afterwards, Lyon seemed to make no impression on him.

"I left the offices with that confounded 'still' and no prospects as far as I could see," Ben continued. Which only proves that Lady Luck is quite invisible. She walked out arm in arm with Ben and he didn't know it. While he was on the train a telegram shot ahead of him instructing the First National studio officials in Hollywood to give him a seven-year contract. And the officials spent five days telephoning every hotel in Los Angeles trying to locate him—to start him working in "*Flaming Youth*" immediately—while Ben spent those five days wandering from casting office to casting office trying to find work.

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"You bet I'm lucky," grinned Ben through the black beard he has cultivated for his next picture, "*The Savage,*" a South Sea story full of beachcombers and pearlers who know more of luck than any other men. And incidentally that gesture brought back the picture of Old Henderson suddenly surrounded by wealth on the Queensland opal fields. "I'll admit there are times when you can't go wrong. Why, the day the studio instructed me to start raising this beard, the barbers announced they were raising their prices."

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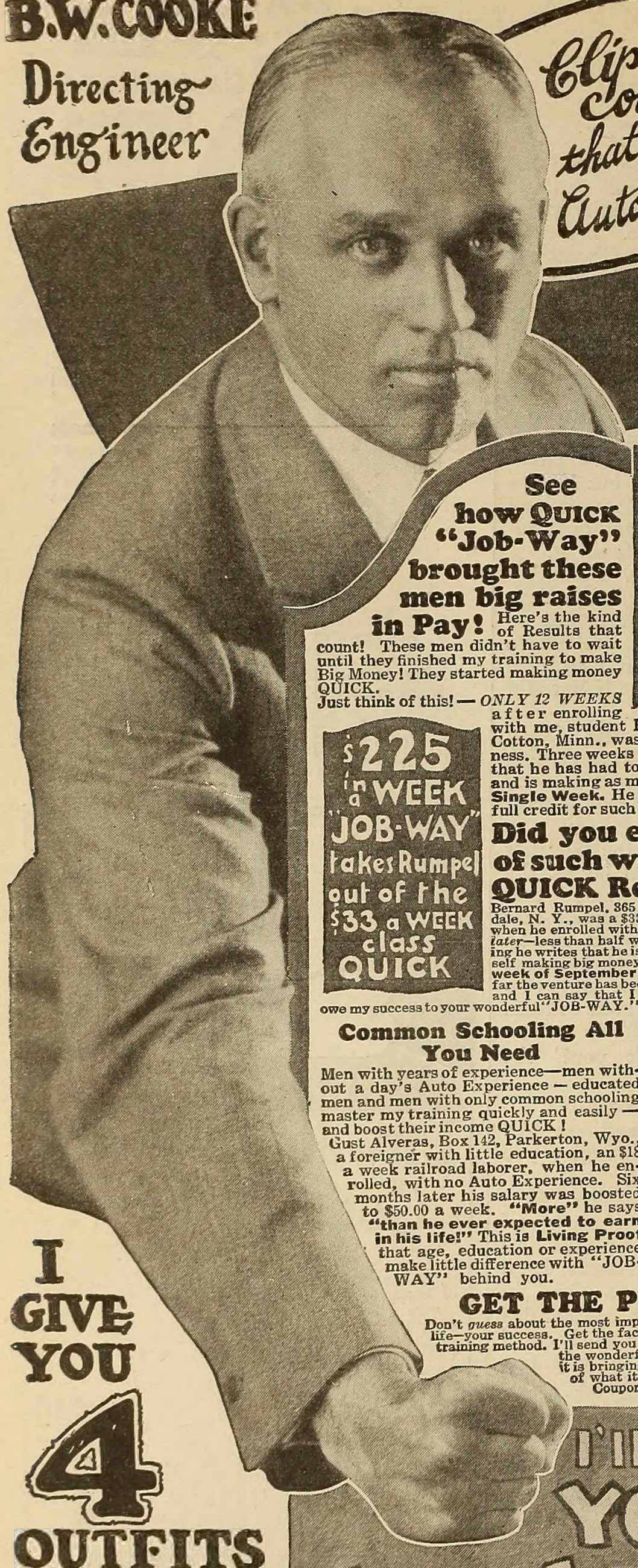
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See how QUICK "Job-Way" brought these men big raises in Pay!

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Just think of this! — *ONLY 12 WEEKS* after enrolling with me, student Ernest B. Tucker, Cotton, Minn., was in his own Business. Three weeks later he wrote me that he has had to put on 2 helpers and is making as much as **$215 in a Single Week.** He gives my training full credit for such Quick Results!

Tucker made $215 in a WEEK ONLY 3 months after enrolling!

$225 in a WEEK "JOB-WAY" takes Rumpel out of the $33 a WEEK class QUICK

Did you ever hear of such wonderful QUICK Results?

Bernard Rumpel, 365 Edison Place, Glendale, N. Y., was a $33 a week IronWorker when he enrolled with me. *A few months later*—less than half way through my training he writes that he is in business for himself making big money. He says **"The first week of September I made $225** — so far the venture has been a howling success and I can say that I owe my success to your wonderful "JOB-WAY."

Common Schooling All You Need

Men with years of experience—men without a day's Auto Experience — educated men and men with only common schooling master my training quickly and easily — and boost their income QUICK!

Gust Alveras, Box 142, Parkerton, Wyo., a foreigner with little education, an $18 a week railroad laborer, when he enrolled, with no Auto Experience. Six months later his salary was boosted to $50.00 a week. **"More"** he says **"than he ever expected to earn in his life!"** This is **Living Proof** that age, education or experience make little difference with "JOB-WAY" behind you.

Gust Alveras foreigner, with little education boosts salary from $18 a week to $50 a week QUICK

GET THE PROOF!

Don't *guess* about the most important thing in your life—your success. Get the facts about this amazing training method. I'll send you smashing PROOF of the wonderful QUICK RESULTS it is bringing! I'll give you proof of what it can do for you. Send Coupon Now.

Be An AUTO EXPERT

The World's BIGGEST BUSINESS Needs You!

Get in the business where results come QUICK! This Auto Business is the one business for the red-blooded, he-man, the man who wants to make BIG MONEY and make it QUICK! Before you do another thing you ought to find out about this stupendous business, its amazing opportunities and what I can do for you. *FIVE THOUSAND MILLION* dollars are spent every year for Auto Upkeep alone! That's why big money can be made SO QUICK! Thousands of B. W. Cooke "JOB-WAY" trained men badly needed, right now. Find out about the countless opportunities to go into business and make up to $10,000 a year and more.

Keep Your Present Job

You don't have to Leave Home

With B. W. Cooke "Job-Way" Auto Training you can start out for Big Pay and QUICK RAISES *Right in Your Own Home.* Loan me a half hour of your spare time a few evenings a week and I'll give you the training you need to become a Big Pay Man—and show you the way to MAKE MONEY *QUICK!* B. W. Cooke "JOB-WAY" Training includes all Electrical Work —All Mechanical End, Welding, Brazing, Vulcanizing, also Business Course, Salesmanship, Advertising, How to Keep Simple Books—also Automotive Magazine, also 4 Wonderful Outfits. Send Coupon Now for Particulars.

A Little of Your Spare Time is All I Need

As Directing Engineer, Owner and Head of this big Institution, I know what training you need. That training I give you. I am absolutely confident that I have trained more men at home for quick success in the Auto Business than any other man or Institution in the world — I am America's first Instructor to hit so straight and hard at QUICK RESULTS for you! No other training I know of justifies it. I want you to remember that B.W. Cooke is in no way connected with any other person of similar name. Nowhere else can you get the original, genuine copyrighted "JOB-WAY" Training. Get all the details of this QUICK RESULTS TRAINING today! Send for my Free Book.

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I back you up with the entire resources of this big Institution — help you to BIG PAY JOBS through my Employment Department—give you Consultation Service as long as you live, absolutely FREE of a penny's extra charge. Get the full details. Send the Coupon Now.

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I'll send you *absolutely FREE* and without obligation this same remarkable book that has shown thousands the way to QUICK RAISES IN PAY —the BIG JOBS paying up to $150 a week—and money making Businesses of their own where up to $10,000 a year and more is easily made — if you act quick. That Coupon will bring it to you. Clip it Now.

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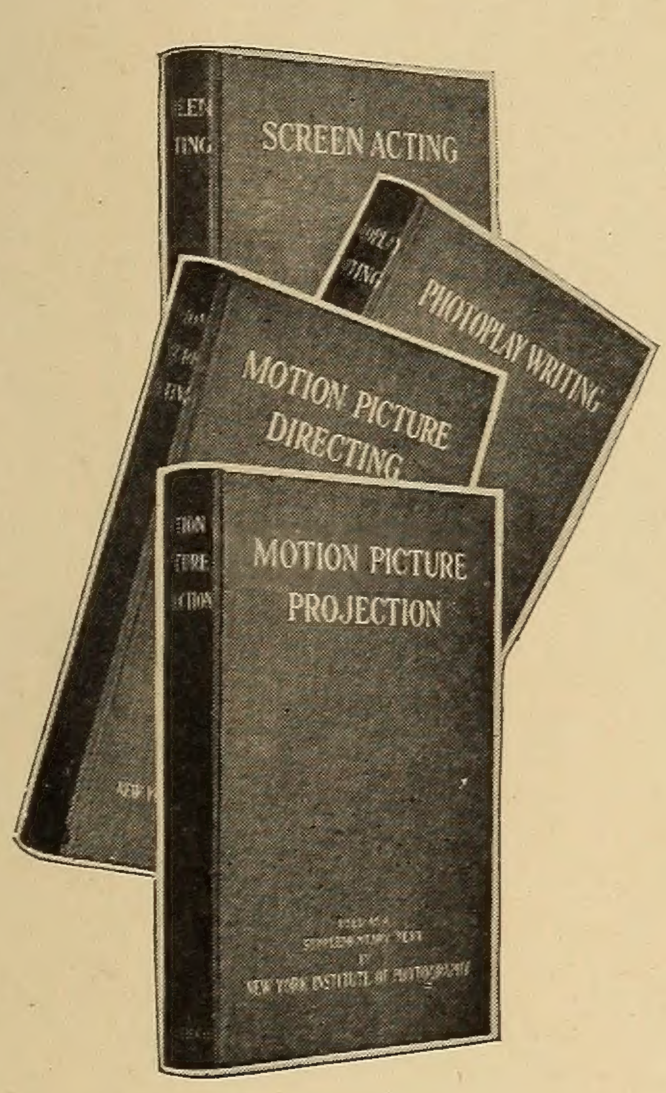
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